

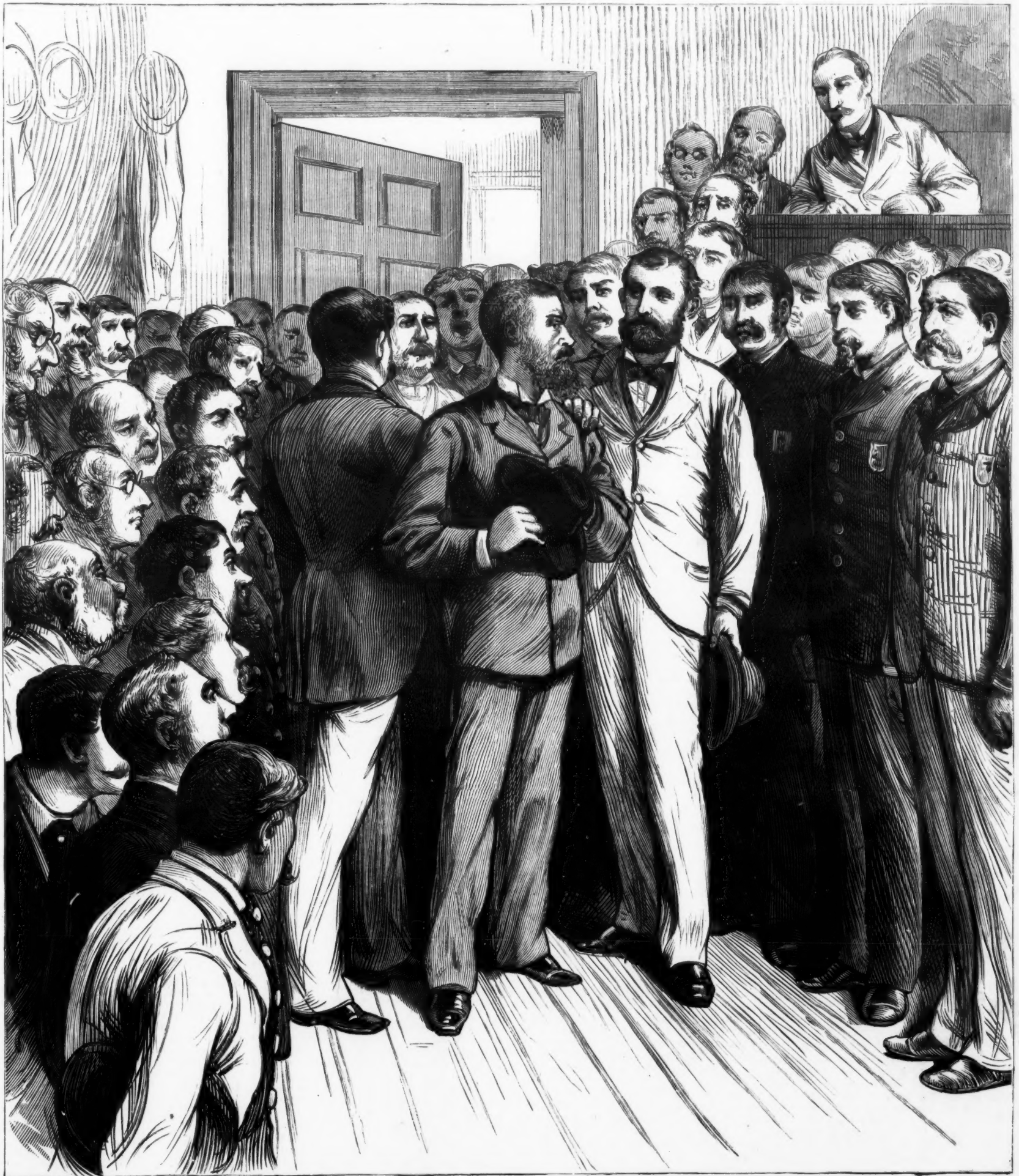
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE ARRAIGNMENT OF GITEAU FOR THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—THE MARSHALS ESCORTING THE PRISONER INTO THE COURT-ROOM, OCT. 14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 167.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

69, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

CAUTION.

Information comes to us from different parts of the country that agents claiming to represent the publishing house of Frank Leslie, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. We again distinctly warn the public that the Publishing House of Frank Leslie (of which Mrs. Frank Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents, and that there is no such firm in this city as Frank Leslie & Co. All persons using the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

THE PISTOL IN POLITICS.

THE alleged presence of "the shot-gun in politics" has long been the ground of a standing obprobrium brought by Republican orators and journalists of the "Stalwart" type against the Democrats of the South in the matter of their relations with the enfranchised freedmen. It is agreed on all hands, as matter of doctrine, that a ready and cheerful acquiescence in the results of elections can be rightfully claimed only in countries where freedom of opinion, freedom of discussion and freedom of suffrage are practiced without let or hindrance arising from any kind of coercion, either physical or moral. And hence it is that more than one Presidential election has been carried for the Republicans by virtue, in part, of the impression which injurious charges under these heads have made on the Northern mind, inducing in it a political "solidity" which was held to be the natural and inevitable counterpoise of the "Solid South," so long as it could be charged that the latter rested on force rather than on the full and free play of political tendencies.

It is known to our readers that we are not of those who have given countenance or lent support to the circulation of such charges so far as they seemed to us exaggerated, and least of all so far as they seemed to us manufactured for political purposes. That much of exaggeration and much of willful misrepresentation have mingled with these flippant allegations of the political hustings we are well aware, and so fully are we persuaded of this fact that we can but deplore any manifestation of distempered feeling at the South which has for its effect to lend color of truth to imputations believed by us to be unjust in the nature and to the extent that have sometimes been ascribed to them.

As such a manifestation of distempered feeling we can but regard the virulence and the acrimony of the pending political struggle in Virginia, with its frequent appeals to the code of the duelist and the threat of the pistol for the settlement of matters brought into controversy by the heats of an exciting canvass. Between the "shot-gun in politics" for the intimidation of negroes and the "pistol in politics" for the vindication of the white man's "honor," there is only a difference of degree, not at all a difference in the kind of violence which it does to the theory of free discussion in a civilized community. It is easy to charge that the same feudal instinct which puts a pistol in the hand of a man for the repression of a conceived wrong or insult inflamed by a social equal, might naturally put a shot-gun in his hand for the more summary repression of a conceived wrong or insult inflamed by a social inferior.

It cannot be said, therefore, that the political duels which have recently disgraced the civilization of Virginia are mere personal offenses which end with the moral and legal disabilities of the individuals participating in them. It is known that the dueling code finds its only support in a public sentiment which creates for some men a law above the laws of God, the laws of morality and the laws of the land. Where this public sentiment does not exist, the stupidity and the wickedness of the duellist, considered as an instrument for the avenging of private or public wrongs, are seen in their true light, and the whole dueling institute is relegated to the lumber-room in which an advancing civilization buries from its sight the relics of barbarism. It is, therefore, as a sign of the times and as an index of social and political culture, that the duel becomes a reproach and shame to the whole community in which it is tolerated, as well as a

reproach and shame to the individuals who exemplify their moral cowardice by setting a depraved public opinion above all law, human and divine.

We do not charge, as some of our contemporaries, that the part which the pistol plays to day in the politics of Virginia is a survival from the "barbarism of slavery." We know that the dueling habit has long survived in lands which had no traditions of slavery to explain its origin or perpetuation; but we know, too, that it never survives in lands which have a just sense of private rights and of public rights equally placed under the aegis of sovereign law. And any community which allows its laws to be trampled under foot in deference to a sentiment which sustains the duello, must not complain if it rests under the suspicion of winking at violence in other spheres of politics where an equally imperious prejudice may venture to override the laws of the land.

It is this aspect of the recent duels in Virginia which gives to them their chief importance in our eyes, for, considered in their personal relations, it is difficult to conceive of anything more petty, peddling and contemptible than the bloodless "fields of honor" which have emptied these demonstrations of all significance except their power to indicate a low state of public morals under this head as measured by the laws of Virginia itself. For the laws of the State against dueling are express enough. It is only public manners which are wanting to give the laws of the State their due force and effect in the figure of society.

Among the men who have recently defied the laws of Virginia, in deference to a barbarous public sentiment, there is one who now holds an office under the Federal Government, and that the office of public prosecutor in the Federal courts. There is another who has been nominated by the Republicans of the Senate for a responsible ministerial position in the service of that body. It remains to be seen if the moral odium which clings to the practice of dueling, wherever it is tolerated, will now be fastened on their own skirts by the Administration and the Republicans of the Senate, as it surely will be if they award toleration to a practice which they find so symptomatic of evil in the persons of their political adversaries. We can cite for them the case of an Administration which instantly canceled an appointment because of complicity in such an open violation of the law.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

IT is a fact worthy of attention that we are threatened with a shifting of the balance of trade to the other side of the water through the steadily increasing disparity between our imports and exports. In the case of New York, for instance, although there is an increase in the imports of specie since January 1st, there is nevertheless a decrease of over twelve millions during the three months ended October 1st compared with the same period last year, while the exports of silver showed some increase. During the period extending from July 1st to October 1st the value of the merchandise imported was \$115,083,000, against \$114,500,000 for a like period last year. Again, the value of the produce exported during the period mentioned was only \$100,439,000, against \$113,106,000 in 1880, notwithstanding the enormous advance in the prices of merchandise during the present year.

As regards the grain traffic, the receipts of cereals at the great distributing marts of the West during a period extending from December 27th, 1880, to October 8th, 1881, were only 199,266,000 bushels, against 222,884,000 bushels for the same period in the previous season; yet it is a fact that the "visible supply" of all kinds of grain at the principal points of accumulation throughout the country at the latest statement reached 57,025,000 bushels, against 37,235,000 bushels at the same time last year. Here we see a decrease in the receipts of 23,000,000 bushels, and yet an increase in the available supply of about 20,000,000 bushels, clearly demonstrating the accumulation of supplies at the lake and seaboard ports through the diminution of the foreign exports, which has been brought about by the high prices which have resulted from reckless speculation. This decrease in our shipments of cereals this year is too well known to require detailed statement here. But there is, on the other hand, a feature of our exports that does not seem to attract much attention, though it is one fraught with suggestions of sweeping innovations in the trade in breadstuffs. We mean the material increase in the exports of flour, of which since January 1st of the present year New York alone has sent abroad no less than 3,770,000 barrels against 2,930,000 barrels during the same time last year. Part of this was sent on consignment, it is true, but the material improvements made in the manufacture of flour, especially in Minnesota, have, undoubtedly, opened a wider field for this traffic, as the growing popularity of American flour abroad clearly in-

dicates. It is to be regretted, however, that our manufacturers should yield to ill-advised suggestions of some of the British merchants, by shipping the flour in bags to a large extent instead of barrels, this being a device of the merchants over the water who are now selling it as fresh milled English flour—just as English butchers are apt to give their customers Texas joints as the traditional roast beef of Old England.

Turning to the trade in provisions, there is a very marked decrease in the exports—584,849,976 pounds of bacon during eleven months ended October 1st, against 731,606,989 pounds the previous season; and 308,697,000 pounds of lard against 368,531,327 pounds during the preceding eleven months. Still prices have been so much higher this year that there is very little decrease in the value of the exports of bacon, while that of the lard shipments shows an increase of about \$3,000,000. The exports of butter this year have been curtailed by the high prices resulting from the decrease in the production by reason of the long-continued drought of last Summer. The cheese exports, while showing some increase during the year, are now beginning to fall off, partly, it is alleged, because of the trick of adulterating the cheese with what is called "sulfur," which is nothing more nor less than a product of oleomargarine. The dealers in Liverpool have begun to complain of this swindle, and the traffic here is now in a very listless state. This is of a piece with that sort of "penny-wise, pound-foolish" shrewdness which has told so heavily on our exports of hay products, one of the most important branches of our foreign trade.

High speculative prices have affected our cotton exports, which, since the beginning of the present season, have reached only 405,000 bales against over 100,000 bales more during the same time last year. The petroleum exports show, on the other hand, a marked increase, being since January 1st no less than 382,167,000 gallons, against 271,947,000 gallons for the same time in 1880.

We may add, however, that a sure indication that the tide of our foreign trade is beginning to turn is seen in the late advance in the rates of foreign exchange. Our foreign customers refuse to pay the extravagant prices we are demanding for products, and, in the meantime, our imports are steadily increasing, as is illustrated by the case of our own port, for instance, where the foreign goods marketed during the three months ending October 1st were \$122,000,000, against \$112,900,000 during the same period last year.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

THE arrest of the leaders of the Irish Land League has been followed by a declaration of defiance from that organization, and by serious ebullitions of violence in Dublin and other localities. In a manifesto, signed by Parnell, Davitt, Sexton and others, the League calls upon the tenant-farmers to pay no rent under any circumstances whatever until the leaders are released, arguing that against "passive resistance" of this sort military power has no weapon which it can successfully employ. This step of the League is, undoubtedly, the most momentous it has yet taken, and it is not surprising that it has been followed by a proclamation from the Government declaring the League to be an unlawful and criminal organization, connection with which will henceforth be treated as actual sedition. The League officers are said to have been seized with panic upon the appearance of this proclamation, but having precipitated a direct issue with the Government, which is solemnly pledged to the execution of the Land Act in all its provisions, they must suffer the consequences of their folly. In every respect the situation is a grave one. Should the farmers heed the advice of the League and refuse to pay rent, they will, unless the landlords capitulate, be evicted by the wholesale, and the country will be reduced to a state of siege, with a complete paralysis resting upon agricultural operations everywhere. If, on the contrary, they shall pay their rents and go to the Land Courts for a redress of their grievances, the power of the League will be broken and the struggle for the absolute independence of Ireland, to which it really looks, will be seriously crippled. Notwithstanding the present excited state of feeling, there is a possibility that the majority of tenants may pursue the more moderate course. The great body of the clergy have earnestly advised that a fair trial should be given to the new law, and their influence will be very great in determining the policy of the better class of farmers. The letter of Archbishop Croke, who has been a consistent supporter of the League, but who now vehemently protests against its "no rent" policy, is most significant in this connection. It is apparent, too, that the riotous proceedings of the mobs in Dublin, Limerick and elsewhere, where churches have been stoned, newspaper offices as-

sailed and the police attacked with wanton malice, have injured the League cause and discredited its leaders with the more sober and fair-minded portion of the tenant population. Should severe measures, however, be found to be necessary for the suppression of violence and the maintenance of law, it is plain that the Government will not hesitate to employ them. Its blows, if it shall be compelled to strike, will be swift, sure and pitiless. No other course is left open to it, unless it means that Ireland shall be handed over to anarchy. The wrongs of that unhappy people have been great, but they cannot be cured by murder, outrage and rapine, and when a measure looking to the partial abatement of existing evils is deliberately rejected, and a bitter and relentless war waged against it, those who complain of these evils must not be surprised if the sympathy of the world, which otherwise would be theirs, is alienated from them and lost in a sentiment of profound disapproval.

THE FALL TRADE AND CROPS.

THE fact that the trade of the metropolis has been unprecedentedly large this Fall is in itself a fair index of the prosperity of the country. The nation is our feeder, and when it prospers we prosper; when it suffers we suffer. This year greater wealth has been gathered from the soil than ever before, owing to the immensely increased area under cultivation; while manufactured productions have more than kept pace with the advances made in agriculture. Moreover, commercial interests throughout the Union were never on a sounder footing, the crop-yield never less likely to be seriously disturbed by "cornering," or sheer gambling processes, originating in the money market.

Since September 1st the city has been fuller of visitors and purchasers than ever before during the same period, and of course all branches of business, wholesale and retail, have felt the influence of this influx. Most of the buyers hailed from the West and South, the two great producing sections. The mercantile prosperity now generally prevailing in the West is quite unprecedented, and, on the strength of their solid prospects, Western purchasers bought liberally. The merchants from the South were a little behind them, but neither were sparing in their cash outlays. The long drought, which caused a comparative failure in some of the grain-raising portions of the West and rendered the cotton yield in the South somewhat unsatisfactory, was not altogether an evil. There has been a marked increase in the returns secured by producers, prices having advanced in proportion to the damage inflicted on the crops.

The railroad war exercised also a beneficial influence on the season's trade in the greatly augmented facilities for transportation, freight rates having been cut down to a relative minimum. Although the trunk lines complain of their losses incident to the cutting, cheaper fares and rates helped materially to swell the city's gains. It was chiefly through high transportation rates that the Western jobbing centres were recently built up, and Western and Southern merchants diverted from purchasing in the metropolis. This season, thanks to the removal of these well-nigh prohibitive rates, they eagerly embraced the opportunity to supply their wants direct from our markets. Thus the struggle between the railroad magnates has clearly demonstrated that we need rather a healthy competition in railroads than any amount of legislation aimed at monopolies; for over and through such legislation the sharply stimulated attorney will always manage to drive a coach-and-four, whereas competition at once satisfies the natural law of supply and demand. With an abundance of competing lines from the interior to the seaboard, the people would not, as now, be fleeced by greedy corporations, and the common carriers would not rule, but be ruled, as in all fitness they should be, by those who support them.

IMPROVED COTTON CULTURE.

THERE can be no doubt that the inspection and study of the Atlanta Exposition by persons interested in cotton culture will be attended by beneficial results. The exhibit of inventions for the planting of the seed and care of the plants is drawing the attention of planters generally to the vast advantage which would follow the introduction of labor saving machinery, while the exhibits of individual planters who have adopted the new methods of intensive farming cannot fail to tend to the abandonment by very many of the old system of planting too many acres, without any diversity of crops. A World correspondent narrates the experience of an exhibitor which is fairly typical in this respect. A few years ago he cultivated "a twenty-five horse farm," doing everything loosely, finding himself at the end of every year deeper in debt. When, at last, he decided to change his method and cultivate fewer acres, he owed \$7,000. Last year he planted twenty-one acres in cotton, and, at an expense of \$531 for cultivation, gathered 14,404 pounds of cotton, for which he received \$1,440, leaving a profit of \$909, or nearly \$44 per acre.

The average cost of raising cotton in Georgia has been estimated by a good authority at about nine cents a pound. Intensive farming lessens this cost, therefore, more than six cents a pound, and the profit made on cotton by this planter he was able to save. He was not mortgaged to the commission merchant—which is to say that he grew his own supplies, and did not have to pay 45 or 50 per cent. more for what he bought than he would have been forced to pay had he been at work on the old "credit" system. The same help that cultivated the twenty-one acres of cotton raised also 190 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of which were sold for \$125; 300 bushels of corn, 500 bushels of oats and a crop of cane, of chufas and of garden products. In this way he solved the problem of cotton-growing. In five years he has paid his debt of \$7,000, and he is a free man. His success is not based on any difficult or scientific method. He simply cultivates fewer acres and cultivates them better. Any planter in the cotton States can do what he has done by good management. And it is not unreasonable to hope that the intelligent and thrifty management which has produced such satisfactory results in individual cases may speedily be applied to cotton culture everywhere throughout the South.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE troubles in Ireland have overshadowed all other foreign events during the past week. We have commented upon these elsewhere. It is to be added that the Land Court has formally opened for business, having adopted rules of procedure entirely free from technicalities, with only nominal fees, so that the poorest will be left without excuse for not taking advantage of the Act. The French campaign in Tunis makes slow progress. There has been fighting at various points between detached bodies of troops and the insurgent Arabs, but the results have not been important. In one engagement the insurgents are said to have lost 800 in killed, but the disaster does not seem to have diminished their activity or vigor, since fresh aggressions upon the French positions have been of almost daily occurrence. The preparations for the march on Kairouan are on a large scale, there being no less than 2,000 commissariat wagons. The Cadi, the Mufti, and the principal inhabitants of Kairouan, have declared their willingness to surrender the town, but solemnly protested against its bombardment on account of any resistance offered by Arabs outside the walls.

The resolute course of the Khédive in declining to allow the Turkish imperial delegates to interfere in Egyptian affairs has, for the present, put an end to the movement for the expulsion of French and English influence. The Khédive promises that he will visit Constantinople at some indefinite date in the future, but it is understood that even as to this matter he will act in concert with England and France. The recent outbreak may prove to have been not altogether an evil, since it has developed, very clearly and emphatically, the purpose of the Powers named to maintain something like stability of administration in Egypt, both as against internal foes and hostile pressure from without.

Civil government in Peru has been extinguished by decree of the Chilean commander-in-chief. In a military order General Lynch prohibits the exercise, in Peruvian territory occupied by him, of governmental powers by other functionaries or authorities than those established by orders from his headquarters; and thus, at a stroke, the Calderon government is wiped out. The reason assigned for this summary proceeding is, that under that Government frauds were being perpetrated in the issue of the bank-notes that are used in part payment of the indemnity to Chili. The Peruvian treasury and bank of issue have been placed in charge of Chilean officials. The suppression of the Government leaves the diplomatic corps in Lima the option of recognizing Pierola or remaining only in relations with the conquerors and the chiefs of the army of occupation. It is said that the foreign representatives have agreed to resist any attempt that may be made by the Chileans to seize the Peruvian ports and custom houses. United States Minister Hurlburt has addressed to the Commander-in-chief of the Chilean forces in Callao a formal protest against a Chilean conquest of Peru, his declaration closing in these words:

"The United States desires, above all things, that peace should exist among the South American republics, and that commerce and industry should jointly serve to the development of their wondrous resources, to their advantage and to the benefit of the world at large; and we cannot see any good reason why the state of war should be further prolonged to the serious detriment of such rightful interests, nor can we see any well-founded cause why peace, under just conditions, should not be brought about within a short time, without any unnecessary humiliation on the one part and to the entire satisfaction of all legitimate claims on the other."

There is a deficit of 25,665,542 florins in the Hungarian budget, and it is proposed to introduce a tax on petroleum, revise the customs tariff and increase the tax on alcoholic spirits. The Boer Convention with England has not yet been ratified, and public feeling in the Transvaal is still unsettled. The sentiment in England is almost universal that no further concessions can be made.—The American exhibitors at the Electric Exhibition have carried off a large number of prizes. As a mark of the highest distinction, diplomas of honor have been awarded to the United States Signal Office, the Smithsonian Institution, the United States Patent Office and Messrs. Edison, Graham and Bell.

There is likely to be a lively contest over the Speakership of the House of Representatives, for which a number of candidates have already entered the field. The more prominent aspirants are Messrs. Hiscock, of New

York; Kasson, of Iowa; and Keifer, of Ohio, with the chances apparently in favor of the former, who will not only have the support of the Republicans of the Eastern and Middle States, but who has also many warm personal friends among Western Congressmen, who will quietly work for his election and vote to nominate him if there is more than one candidate from the West.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the prince of war correspondents, is again with us. As the guest and companion of Secretary Blaine he visited Yorktown, ancient the surrender of which he indited so amusing an epistle to a contemporary, and having "done" the centenary, is now South, where his lectures will, doubtless, draw large audiences, for no man can word-paint better than Mr. Forbes, and he needs in nowise draw upon his imagination for his facts, grim and sensational though they be. Mr. Forbes will in the fullness of time give the world a book upon America, and if he writes one-half the good things he says about us, we shall feel that a foremost man of keenest intellect has thoroughly appreciated us.

THE order of the President directing that the British flag should be saluted at the close of the Yorktown festivities was an eminently graceful recognition of the kindly sentiment which Great Britain has manifested towards us in all our recent intercourse, and especially of the tender sympathy shown us in our late loss and sorrow by the "illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sits upon the British throne." The gratitude and goodwill felt by all our people towards the English nation and their Queen could not have been more happily or adequately expressed than in the cordial terms of this order and the language of the address with which President Arthur opened the celebration of the centennial event.

THE Mexican International Exposition which will open in Orizaba on the 15th proximo, is attracting considerable attention, this being the first attempt of our sister republic to awaken the interest of this and other countries in her industries and resources, and to attract exhibits from abroad for the inspection of her own people. Orizaba, the seat of the fair, is a place of great natural attractions, being surrounded by a complete amphitheatrical chain of mountains, and only four hours distant from Vera Cruz. Mexico has a wonderful variety of products of the soil, great mineral wealth, and some notable forms of manufactures; and the indications are that the exhibition will, as to some of these interests, be quite satisfactory. Many American manufacturers have already made entries, and it is hoped that many more will follow.

In quitting the Treasury Department, Secretary Windom leaves behind him a record in every way creditable. His management of the national finances has been marked by conspicuous energy and capacity. By a series of operations at once novel and bold, extending over a period of only seven months, bonds to the amount of \$105,636,750 have either been redeemed or have ceased to bear interest, awaiting exchange for cash available for their redemption. The total reduction in the annual interest charge consequent upon such redemption has been \$5,319,331, while a further yearly saving of ten millions and a half has been effected by the continuance of five and six per cent. bonds at three and one-half per cent. The results of Mr. Windom's administration have amply justified his selection by the late President for the important portfolio which he now lays down.

If the annihilation of time and distance in railway travel were a possibility, it would certainly be accomplished by our American roads. Engines have been built and run on both routes between this city and Philadelphia, during the past year, in ninety minutes, and now the Pennsylvania Company proposes to put on a locomotive which will make the entire distance of ninety miles in an hour. A similar locomotive, now running on the Canada Southern Railroad, has made a run of a hundred and eleven miles in ninety-eight minutes, and that built for the Pennsylvania Company has been constructed with reference to a much higher speed. Travel at this tremendous pace would seem to be conspicuously unsafe, but experienced engineers agree that there is no greater danger in running very fast than at a moderate rate, and the steadiness of the train is certainly greater in the former than in the latter instance.

THE revolt against Bossism and the "machine" in politics is spreading, and in some localities seriously threatens the supremacy of partisan influences and methods. In Brooklyn, where the Mayor has almost absolute authority in the selection of subordinate officials, the citizens, irrespective of party, have placed in nomination a candidate for that position whose qualifications and character afford a guarantee that he would perform his duties in the interest of the people and not of a party or faction. In Philadelphia similar action has been taken by the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred, who have already scored two or three notable triumphs over the "Bosses," and who have now nominated representative candidates for certain important municipal offices. Even in this city, there are some signs of a revival of interest in the work of securing a non-partisan administration in certain branches of the municipal Government. While these independent movements may not in all cases be directly successful, they will at least compel the two competing parties to make better nominations than they otherwise would do, and the community will thus gain a partial, if not a complete, deliverance from the evils of

irresponsible partisan rule. But the uprising of the people against "machine" domination, especially in our municipalities, must not stop with the mere acquisition of an advantage here and there. It must hold tenaciously the ground it has already acquired, and go on vigorously and aggressively, asserting everywhere its vast reserve power in support of upright nominations, purity of administration and the overthrow of all influences which menace the best interests of communities and the State.

THE New York World calls attention to certain features of the centennial at Yorktown which curiously illustrate the conditions of our American nationality and progress. It says: "The address of the day, and an admirable address, was made by a President of the United States whose grandfather was a British subject when Cornwallis surrendered to the armies of Louis XVI. and the Continental Congress; and the most memorable document contributed to history was an order full of dignity and right feeling, commanding the flag of Great Britain to be saluted at the close of the memorial services, and signed by a Secretary of State whose grandfather was a trusted friend and officer of George Washington, serving as Commissary-General of the Continental Army during that dark Winter of despair at Valley Forge, which broke into Spring and hope and victory for the young republic with the good news that France was coming to our rescue by land and sea."

A PHILADELPHIA coroner's jury has rendered a most righteous verdict in the matter of the loss of nine lives at a recent factory fire in that city. The testimony showed that the owner of the mills had failed entirely to furnish proper means of escape in case of fire, and the jury rendered a sweeping verdict of censure, declaring the aforesaid owner to be criminally responsible, and finding the City also responsible for not enforcing the law in compelling him to erect proper fire-escapes. The justice of this verdict is admitted on all hands. It has been followed by the arrest of the owner of the mills, who will, it is understood, be indicted for involuntary manslaughter. This is as it should be. Verdicts of censure amount to nothing unless emphasized by the enforcement of the legal penalties, upon the disregard of which they are based. Let it be established in every city, by the vigorous punishment of prominent offenders, that the building laws, designed to insure the safety of life, cannot be disregarded with impunity, and there will soon be an end of that criminal negligence of which we now have almost daily some fresh illustration.

THE State of Pennsylvania has brought suit against the Standard Oil Company to recover \$3,000,000 taxes, alleged to be due the Commonwealth. The Company resists on the ground that it is an Ohio corporation, and is not, therefore, under obligation to Pennsylvania. The struggle promises to be a long and bitter one. We know nothing as to the merits of the controversy, but it would seem that a vast corporation like this, and a monopoly at that, should pay taxes somewhere. If it pays nothing in Ohio, surely it ought to pay in Pennsylvania, where its property is mainly located. The disposition of wealthy and powerful corporations to evade the payment of their just taxes has become so universal that the progress of the struggle upon which the Pennsylvania State authorities have entered will be watched with very general interest, and should the issue be favorable to the claim of the State, it will go a long way towards settling the question—one of the most important of the time—whether corporations within the State, and owing their existence to its favor, are to become greater than the State itself.

WHILE the more violent partisans in the Democratic ranks are bitterly denouncing Senator David Davis for accepting the position of President pro tem. of the Senate at the hands of the Republicans, the more liberal organs and members of the party regard his selection as eminently wise. Thus the Chicago Times, the most influential journal with Democratic leanings in the entire West, declares that the selection of Mr. Bayard was not only a mistake—it was a menace to the Administration, for the reason that he was an intense partisan adversary of the President, and represented, as he appeared, a class of politicians whose political notions the bulk of the American people hold in abhorrence. The Times then adds:

"Aside from all other considerations, the appointment of Judge Davis in place of Mr. Bayard was a commendable action. Probably no Senator could have been named who would have presided over the Senate with more dignity, fairness and impartiality. Certainly there is none who could or would have stood in the post of her apparent more circumspectly. Judge Davis is not a party man at all. He brought into the Senate Chamber from the Supreme Bench not only the judicial habit of mind but the judicial method of consideration and action. He has been seen in no party caucus. He has been guided by no party programme, and influenced by no party feeling or aim. No more suitable citizen could be placed next to the President in the line of succession. No other man could be placed in that position whose occupancy of it would so completely remove all the possible malign motives which spring from partisanship and the spoils-distemper to get control of the appointing power by political assassination."

A FINE HOLIDAY BOOK.

(From the Home Journal.)

"FRANK LESLIE'S HOLIDAY BOOK FOR CHILDREN is a pleasant reminder that Christmas is coming, and is at the same time a forcible illustration of the literary and artistic ingenuity, tact and even genius that have of late years been employed for the entertainment of children. Children's books, such as this, are—what the children's books of an earlier generation certainly were not—educators of the primary art instincts of those to whom they are addressed."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

In one day last week 3,640 immigrants landed at Castle Garden.

Last Thursday was observed throughout Canada as Thanksgiving Day.

EX-GOVERNOR MORGAN of New York State is said to have declined the Treasury portfolio.

GENERAL GARFIELD's life and literary remains are to be published under Mrs. Garfield's supervision.

It is intimated that the Stalwarts in this State will vote only for the Conkling Republicans on the State ticket.

PERMITS for over one thousand new buildings have been granted in Washington during the present season.

The sixty brick-yards on the Hudson are now closed, after a production during the past season of five hundred million brick.

BLOWING of locomotive whistles at street crossings in Hartford has been forbidden by the Connecticut Railroad Commissioners.

A HURRICANE at Mazatlan, Mexico, on September 29th, destroyed 300 houses and caused the loss of 500 lives in adjoining towns.

GENERAL GRANT has written a letter on the Virginia contest, expressing his sympathy with General Mahone and the Readjusters.

A REMNANT of Victoria's band fought a battle with the Mexicans on September 30th. The band has several captives taken in New Mexico.

It is reported that Arizona is free from hostile Indians and likely to remain so unless the Chiricahuas return from Mexico, which is doubtful.

THE "boom" in Confederate bonds is increasing at Richmond, Va., where one banking-house has bought over \$1,000,000 of them and is still buying.

THE total receipts of the American Board of Foreign Missions for the year were \$691,245, and the total expenditure \$693,304, leaving a deficit of \$2,059.

THE Irish National Land League of the United States has issued an address urging the friends of the cause to respond to the appeal of the imprisoned leaders.

MR. WILLIAM W. ASTOR has been nominated by the Republicans of the Eleventh Congressional District of New York City for Congress, to succeed Mr. Levi P. Morton.

A BILL for the payment of the bonded debt has been favorably reported in the Minnesota Senate. In the House, the Repudiationists have adopted an obstructive policy.

THE Mississippi was greatly flooded at Hannibal, Mo., last week, and the Sky levee was broken. Great damage was done to the sown winter wheat and the corn not yet housed.

THE protest of the Democratic members of the New York Legislature against the title of Senators Miller and Lapham has been referred to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Election.

THE Channing Memorial Church at Newport was formally dedicated October 19th, Dr. Bellows, of New York, preaching the sermon. The edifice cost \$130,000, all voluntarily subscribed.

SECRETARY WINDOM was nominated for United States Senator from Minnesota by the Legislative caucus last week, the opposition to him from a faction of the Republicans having broken down.

THE United States Senate has adopted Mr. Sherman's resolution calling for the report of the recent investigation into the affairs of Custodian Pitney, of the Treasury Department, which is said to compromise the ex-Secretary.

NEW JERSEY courts show no mercy to criminals. In Newark, the other day, a burglar who, after robbing a jewelry store, attempted to shoot the officers who sought to arrest him, was sentenced to the State Prison for thirty years.

TRICKETT, the Australian oarsman, has sent a formal challenge to Haulan to row a three-mile race on the Creve Coeur Lake, near St. Louis, for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world, on or about the end of November next.

It is announced by Mr. Seoville, counsel for Giteau, that all questions of jurisdiction and malpractice will be waived and the defense will take their stand on the plea of insanity alone. The accused has been allowed witness process and fees.

THIRTY-SIX States are now united in the American Humane League, which held its fifth annual meeting in Boston last week. The League discussed the alleged cruelty practiced upon cattle and hogs on the Western railroads, and instructed a committee to bring a test case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE annual session of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was held in Baltimore last week, with a full attendance of delegates from the United States and Canada, several hundred being present. The Brotherhood has a membership of 2,654, and during the year has paid \$77,814 for relief.

A NATIONAL Reform Conference was held in New York City last week for the consideration of political methods for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Delegates were present from twelve States and the District of Columbia. Resolutions were adopted declaring for a third party and recommending that the right of suffrage be granted to women in order that effective prohibition laws may be passed by legislatures elected by female votes.

Foreign.

AN indictment has been found against Captain H. W. Howgate, charging him with embezzling over \$90,000 from the Government.

ANOTHER great political trial is expected to take place at St. Petersburg in November, when forty members of the party of terror will be arraigned before a special court.

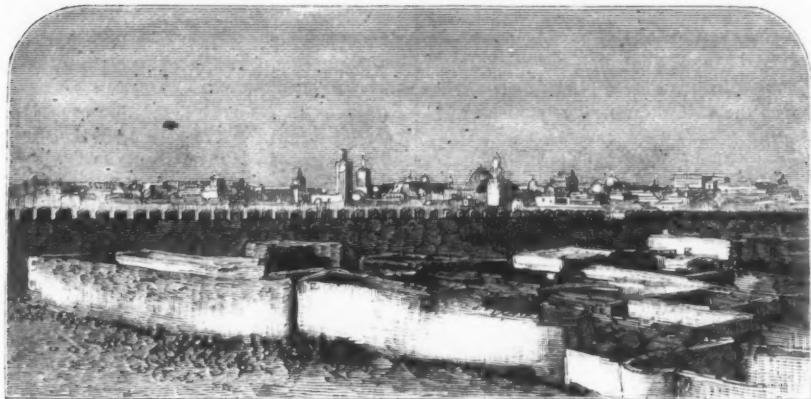
It is stated that the original sum of £500,000 given by the late George Peabody in 1862 as a fund for building lodging-houses for the poor in London now amounts to £720,000.

SEVEN German Socialists have been sentenced to imprisonment for periods ranging from two to three years, one for eighteen months, two for one year each, and one for three months.

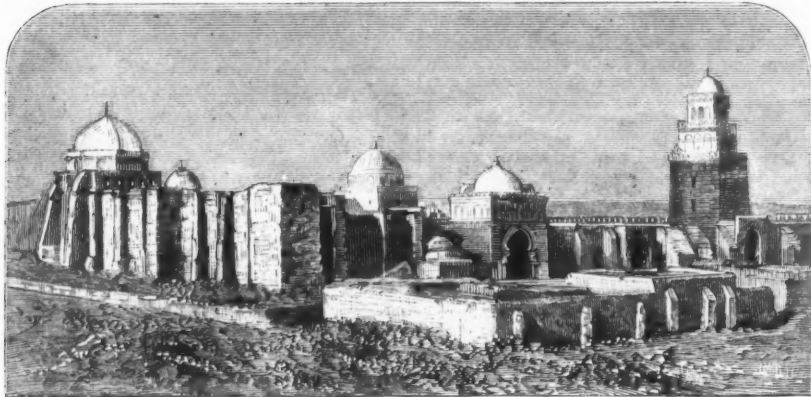
It is said, but not authoritatively, that an agreement exists between England and Russia in which the former binds herself not to send agents to Merv and the latter not to send agents to Afghanistan.

THE Irish Land League has abandoned its Dublin offices and published an advertisement calling upon the people to abandon public meetings. It is said the Government intend to arrest those Leaguers who have taken refuge in England. The clergy generally approve Archbishop Croke's letter protesting against the manifesto of the Land-League.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 167.



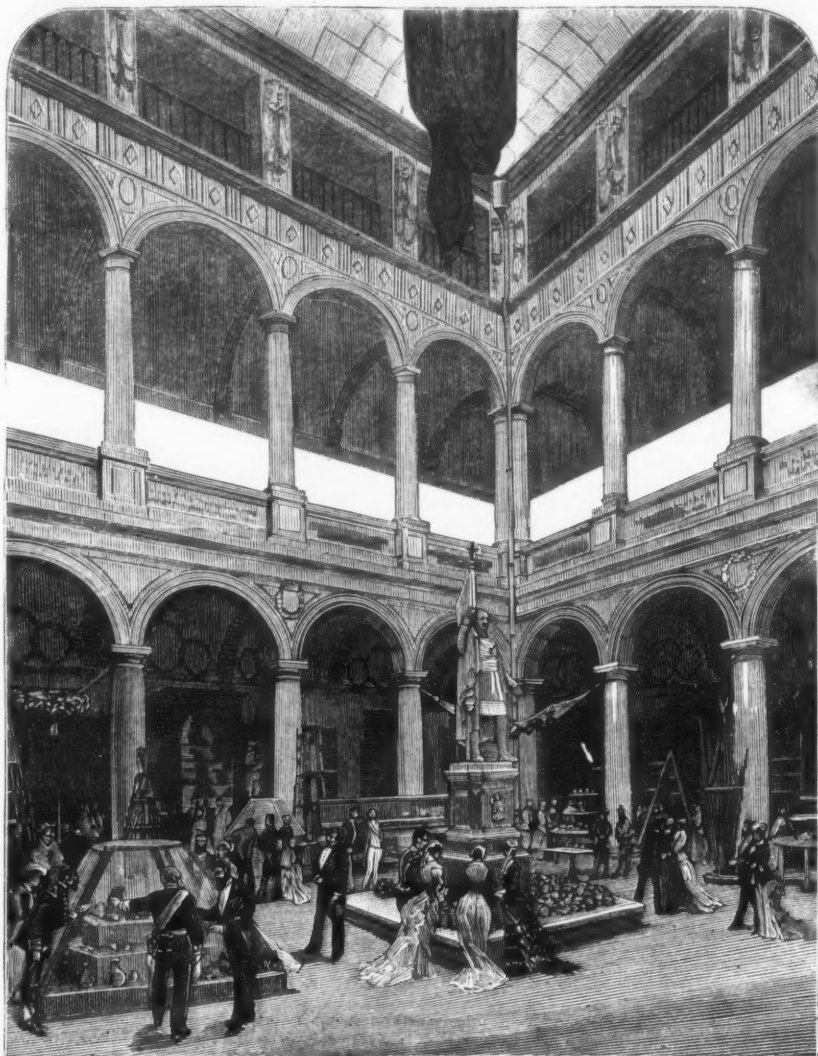
TUNIS.—VIEW OF KAIROUAN FROM THE SUBURBS.



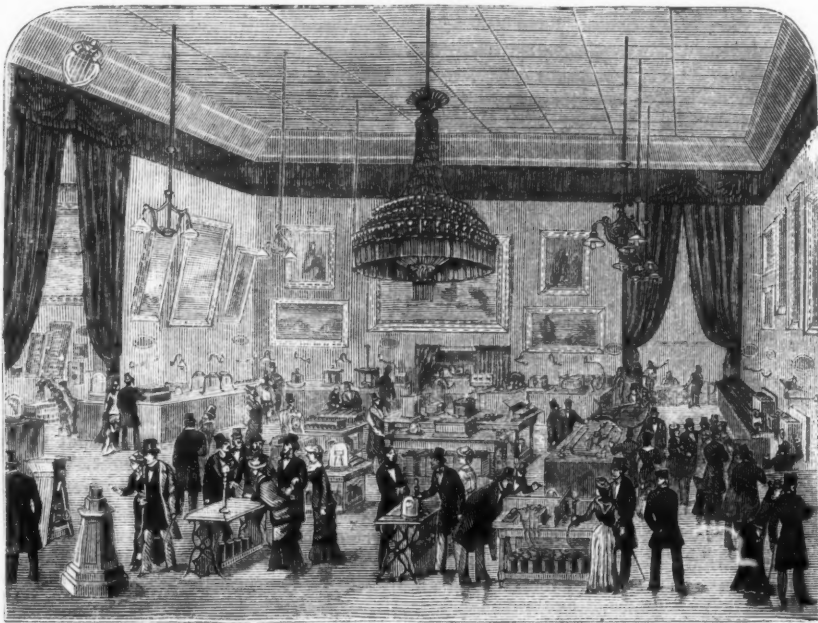
TUNIS.—THE GRAND MOSQUE OF OKBA AT KAIROUAN.



FRANCE.—THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALOON AT THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.



SPAIN.—THE EXHIBITION OF AMERICANA AT MADRID.



FRANCE.—EDISON'S INVENTIONS AT THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.



ITALY.—THE FÊTE ON THE CANAL TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS, VENICE.



ITALY.—THE PAVILION OF THE ROYAL GARDEN AT VENICE.

HON. JOHN MCKEON,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT
ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK.

HON. JOHN MCKEON, whose public career has been crowned with distinguished services to the State and country, has been unanimously nominated by the several divisions of the Democratic Party in New York City as their candidate for District Attorney. A fitter selection could not possibly have been made. This is, probably, the most important office in the State. To its chief is committed the responsibility of conducting prosecutions for all crimes and misdemeanors in the metropolis. An able, fearless, courageous man can make it a bulwark of social order, and that is just what it will be with Mr. McKeeon at its head. John McKeeon is a New Yorker by birth. He is the son of a gallant Irishman, who served with distinction as an officer in the regular army in the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain. On the death of his father, McKeeon was left penniless at the age of fifteen to fight the great battle of life. All the education he had was obtained in the City of New York. Having graduated at Columbia College in this city, he entered the law office of John L. Mason, who afterwards became a judge of the Superior Court of this State. From the moment that he was admitted to the Bar, he has led an active political and professional life. He was elected three times to the State Assembly, the last time in 1834, when he was chosen unanimously, both parties having his name on their tickets. He was immediately afterwards elected a member of Congress, and served through five sessions at Washington. He there exhibited his devotion to principle by refusing to vote with the Democratic Party in rejecting petitions presented on the subject of the abolition of slavery, he taking the ground that the right of the people to petition was sacred and ought not to be molested. Again, when a resolution was offered to expel a member from Ohio (Mr. Giddings) for expressing his opinions adversely to slavery, he refused to vote with his party who sustained the resolution. Mr. McKeeon claimed that the right of debate should not be curtailed in any manner. Giddings was expelled, however, but was re-elected within a few weeks, and on the floor of the House complimented McKeeon on his vote. Whilst in Congress he was especially active in obtaining appropriations for the benefit of our commerce. To him the Port of New York is indebted for the lighthouse in our Bay and for the system of buoys at Sandy Hook. The New York pilots had for years held the monopoly of piloting vessels into our port. They neglected their duties to such a degree that hundreds of persons perished by shipwreck within sight of Sandy Hook on Long Island shore. These pilots were often in this city during severely cold weather instead of cruising off the coast. Mr. McKeeon advocated a Bill, which was passed by Congress, authorizing pilots appointed in New Jersey to have the same rights as pilots of New York in the matter of competition between pilots in our Bay. In consequence, no great disaster has occurred since. Merchants and others in New York united in presenting Mr. McKeeon with a magnificent silver vase in recognition of his valued services in this matter.

After leaving Congress he returned to the practice of his profession. At the close of the year 1845, he was appointed by the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas and the Board of Supervisors as District Attorney for this county to fill a vacancy occasioned by death. He was afterwards elected by the people to the same office, being the first District Attorney ever elected by popular vote. His admin-



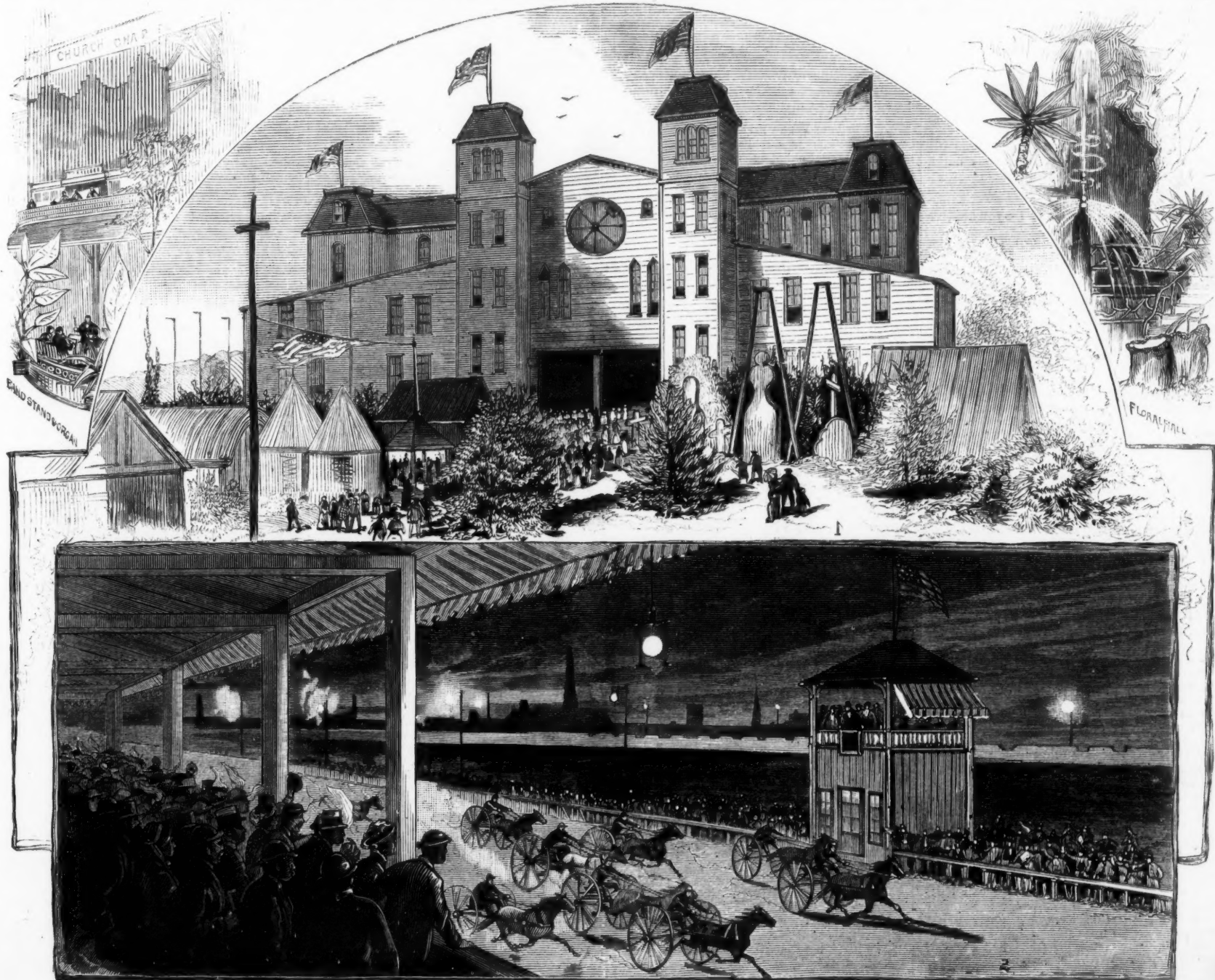
HON. JOHN MCKEON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK.

istration of the office is not forgotten. He convicted the Astor House rioters; he convicted the notorious Madame Restell, who had for years carried on an infamous business in this city, but had escaped several prosecutions; he had to contend with the worst gangs of foreign and domestic criminals ever

in this city, but he succeeded in consigning them to the State Prison. His energy and determination brought to punishment officials who had betrayed their trust. His administration was characterized throughout by a resolution to uphold the law irrespective of party allegiance. In 1861 he traveled in Europe, and on his return he again went into harness as a lawyer. He was appointed during the Pierce Administration District Attorney for the United States, and his nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, the usual reference to a committee being dispensed with in this case. As District Attorney, he had to deal with most difficult questions of international law. He was in office when an attempt was made by certain American capitalists to seize Nicaragua, one of the Central American States. Mr. McKeeon broke up the expeditions of these marauders, which had been organized in this city and were intended for Nicaragua. An invasion of Cuba was also planned in the South. Here vessels and arms of all kinds were being collected. McKeeon seized the vessels and broke up the scheme absolutely. The archives of the State Department furnish conclusive testimony as to the warmth of the appreciation manifested by the Spanish Government for these services in behalf of international law. In another matter Mr. McKeeon rendered like valuable service. The Crimean War was going on at the same time. Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, was supposed to be engaged in endeavoring to secure recruits for the British army. Mr. McKeeon turned his attention to the subject, indicted several parties for violation of our neutrality laws and convicted one of them—these parties were receiving pay as second lieutenants in the British army. After the conviction, he recommended the prisoner for release from prison on the ground that the United States should hold his principals responsible for the injury done our laws. He then followed up Mr. Crampton until overwhelming evidence of his complicity was obtained and submitted to the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy. The result was that Crampton was dismissed by President Pierce, without a murmur from the British Government. In another matter Mr. McKeeon rendered a conspicuous public service. When he went into office he found that New York was the great depot for fitting out slavers for the coast of Africa. He took hold of the matter, convicted one notorious offender, and, pursuing his crusade with relentless vigor, succeeded finally in breaking up the whole infamous business.

Mr. McKeeon served three years in this important office. Then a difference arose between him and President Buchanan, which resulted in his removal. The merits of that controversy need not be gone into now. It is sufficient to state that the name of the person nominated to succeed him was discussed for months in the Senate of the United States, that the nomination was confirmed by a vote of 27 to 26, the President defeating Mr. McKeeon by only one vote. President Buchanan lived long enough to regret his mistake.

Since his retirement from the office of District Attorney of the United States, Mr. McKeeon has pursued the practice of his profession, having been engaged in some of the most important cases which have been heard in New York City. His conduct of the trial of Stokes for the murder of Fisk when the jury disagreed was considered not only brilliant, but effective. He is now called upon to return to an office which he filled thirty years since, and for which his qualifications are conceded by men of all parties. The *World* says truly: "Mr. McKeeon brings a well-earned reputation for courage and ability to an office in which courage is as much needed for the public service as ability. If the Republicans nominate a candidate against



1. Exterior of the Building. 2. Racing by Electric Light.

Mr. McKeon, it will be certain beforehand that the candidate so nominated will be defeated; and it will behoove all Republicans who care about good government in the city to consider whether they can afford to throw away their votes on the candidate of their party. The larger and the more unpartisan Mr. McKeon's majority—the more clearly he is seen to represent the wishes and the interests of orderly and industrious citizens of both parties, the greater the moral force he will be able to exert in behalf of law and order, and the more his election will be a terror of evil-doers."

A DAUGHTER OF DESTINY.

By H. WELLINGTON VROOMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

IT was Ralph. He had seen all. He moved forward as if in a dream, and gazed down the shaft, where the bush had been torn away. One little touch and I should be safe, the secret of my crime buried with her. I closed my eyes, and, springing towards him, grasped his arm.

"Come back! Come back! You will fall!" and I dragged him away.

He shook off my touch, then covered his face with his hands.

"I saw it. I knew what was coming. I might have saved her, and yet I did not move. I could not, God knows!"

I stood before him, looking stupidly at the torn up earth upon the edge of the pit. I had staked my soul, and lost! It would be better to follow her; then a faint hope rose in my heart. I looked at him, then touched his hand.

He drew back, and, gazing at me for a moment with eyes that made me shiver, covered his face with his hands.

"What do you mean?" I asked, gasping. "Do you think, Ralph Godwin, that it was my fault? How should I know that the pit was there. She had taunted, insulted, infuriated me. I only wished to get some papers from her which she was going to use against me—some base libel upon my dead mother's name she had dragged up from the past, and dressed with new lies to injure me. Did you hear her?"

He shook his head.

"I only came in time to hear you ask for them. But it was not an accident! I saw it in your eyes as you looked around before you neared her! Ah! I have known it since then—a year ago by the brook, when I saw the devil looking out from the angel's eyes—and yet—!"

He hid his face again and groaned, trembling violently.

"You are wronging me, Ralph! Listen to me. If you loved me you would be more merciful, more just!" I cried, falling before him, clasping his knees, my face turned up towards his.

He looked down at me with a bitter laugh.

"I love you? Fool that I am, I love you so much that it is killing me to watch you loving him, to see what is coming!"

"Love him?" I echoed. "Do you think I love that brute? You drove me away from you by your blind jealousy that day in the study! Do you think I could endure to hear your taunts as to what I had done, your commands as to what I should do? I turned away in despair and found him, who has loved me well—too well to have even spoken a harsh word to me, brute and bully as he is!"

He looked down on me unsteadily, his face growing whiter than before.

"Why do you call him that? Do you not love him?"

"Love him?" I repeated. "Could I love him—when—" my eyes fell beneath his.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, in a sharp whisper, as he leaned forward, and turning my face upwards, looked into it with eyes that seemed to burn my soul.

"What else have I ever meant?" I whispered, a flush sweeping across my face, my eyes falling again.

With a cry he raised me up to him. He had forgotten the pit, the torn-up earth upon its edge, the something which lay at its bottom, sightless and speechless for ever after.

A few minutes after two figures hurried swiftly down the path, as if fleeing from some horror behind them, a terrible joy in their faces as they looked at each other. One thought she had at last saved herself from a pit far deeper than that from which they were fleeing; the other thought he had won what was to him more precious than his soul; and neither remembered the black leather bag lying among the bushes on the edge of the shaft behind them.

CHAPTER IX.

"BUT, darling it is so inhuman. Think of her lying there since yesterday, and perhaps for days yet, before they find her. It is terrible!"

He shuddered, and looked across the valley to the indistinct line of green which marked the boundary of the copse, on the other edge of which ran the path where we had met the day before.

We were standing in the church-yard, below the church, where the trees did not obstruct our view of the other hill across the valley and the town. We had gone there silently after breakfast, each reading in the other's eyes the thought which could not be banished—the something at the bottom of the shaft.

I had passed a night such as a spirit might in the Inferno. What could be done? At the very moment when, as by a miracle, I had swept away with one blow that which had, in a single day, risen, unsurmountable and unassailable, between me and what had been almost within my grasp, another had risen and barred my way, perhaps for ever. What could be done with Ralph? I had bought his silence, but at what a price! I had blinded, stupefied, intoxicated him with myself, so that he forgot what he had seen in my eyes, cast away what, in his soul, he knew to be the truth, and forced himself to believe my words.

But now I was the slave and he the master. I had told him I loved him, lain in his arms, smiled beneath the kisses which burnt my eyes; laughed at, scorned the other. There was no escape.

I was not a murderess before the world, but how I could ever be his wife, nor of any other but of Ralph Godwin! I buried my head in the pillows to keep from screaming in my despair, bit my tongue through in rage that I had been such a fool. Why had I dragged him back from the edge as he stood there? Why not rather—But I shuddered at myself, and paced up and down my room until daylight. Was this to be the end of my ambition—to be the wife of a fool, a penniless dreamer? Was there no escape? I asked again and again, and at every turn saw none. Could think of none, unless—some accident should come upon Ralph!

I came down to breakfast for the first time in my life unable to conceal the effects of the night's torture. But I explained the dark circles under my eyes and my paleness by too much fatigue, and had to sit quietly under a nearly maddening warning from Mrs. Marslow of the effects of dissipation.

Ralph, as was now quite often the case, did not appear, and I had found him in the graveyard staring across the valley.

"It is horrible!" he repeated. "The alarm ought to be given, and the body recovered at once. I must go down to the village."

I grasped his arm and dragged him down upon a tomb beside us.

"For God's sake, sit down! Are you mad? It would be just as well to go down into the square and cry out to all the people, 'I am her murderer!' How should you know where she is? Let them find her. It will be done to-day or to-morrow. The torn-up bush—" "Yes, thank God! they will find her bag at the edge of the path, and know she has fallen there!"

I sprang to my feet. I had forgotten it utterly. His coming had driven every thought from my mind but the fear of what I had done! And now it would be found, given to him, the papers in it read, and I should be known—every loophole of escape from my present slavery cut off!

"Yes; they would find it," I answered, sitting down again quietly. My eyes fell upon the moss covered letters upon the large flat stone where we sat. "Pendlehurst, knight, and also his wife Agnes, aged eighteen." It was the tomb of his family. These names must be his grandparents. "Agnes, aged eighteen." It would be infinitely better to die at eighteen the wife of a Pendlehurst than to live a hundred years the wife of the man beside me, who all his life would be a threadbare curate. And now, even that would be paradise, compared with what would come when the bag was found and my history known to the world! To be baffled, beaten back by circumstances in this way! I sprang to my feet again and stared around.

"Yes; it is terrible, but it was not your fault—remember, it was not your fault, Rachel!" he said, soothingly, misinterpreting my action, and drawing me down to him. I closed my eyes quickly to hide the hate I felt then towards him, and lay quietly in his arms as he kissed me. A sound of creaking hinges from the wall behind us told that the gate from the garden was opened. I drew quickly from him and looked up. The tall form of Sir Alwyn Pendlehurst entered, gazing anxiously around the graveyard. He had not seen me in Ralph's arms, but the next moment caught sight of us as we sat apart, and strode towards us over the grass, his face sombre and anxious.

"Have you seen Alice?" he asked, hurriedly, from one to the other.

Ralph grew pale.

"Seen her?" I repeated, hastily speaking before he should. "No; what is the matter? Did you think she had come over here this morning? She doesn't honor us with such friendly calls."

"No; not to-day! I mean yesterday. She came up on the 3:15 train from Manchester, where she had been shopping, and set out from the depot alone to walk to the Hall. She did not arrive, and nothing has been seen or heard of her since. I have had men out searching since midnight. There have been several suspicious-looking characters around the town lately—Manchester roughs—and two of them were seen near the Hall during the afternoon. It looks like foul play."

I gave a low cry.

"And I came through the copse yesterday, the greater part of the way alone, until I met Ralph, who was walking there. I might have been murdered, too."

Sir Alwyn turned pale.

"Mr. Godwin was very good to escort you home. You may have escaped some terrible fate which Alice has met. But by heaven, I shall not rest until they swing for it." And he brought his hand heavily down upon the tomb, the massive jaws shutting with grim determination. "And you saw nothing of her, Mr. Godwin?" he asked, turning suddenly to him.

"I saw her," he stammered, taken by surprise, looking at us with white face, a horror growing in his eyes as if he saw again the space in the bushes by the shaft. "Do you think—?"

I closed my eyes in despair, and waited for his next words. This fool was betraying all, at the moment when Fate seemed to have helped me by centring all suspicion upon those roughs from Manchester. But he said no more. A heavy fall made me open my eyes. He was lying before us, his death-like face turned upwards. I felt a great relief, and looked at Sir Alwyn. He was staring down at him with a strange expression I could not read. But he said nothing.

"The disappearance seems to have overpowered your cousin. I will carry him to the parsonage."

And, lifting him as easily as he would a child, he strode towards the gate, I following,

blindly filled with fear and doubt. This boy would yet be my ruin.

Two months dragged by since she was buried. The place where the bush had been torn up on the edge of the shaft had at last attracted attention. Search had been made, and her body found at the bottom, crushed almost beyond recognition. But the bag was not found, or, at least, its discovery had not been announced by any of the searchers. The men from Manchester had disappeared suddenly, mysteriously. Fortune favored me a little.

The disappearance of the bag gave much reason to suspect robbery and murder. A diligent search was made for "the suspicious characters," but to no avail. The police, stimulated by the large reward Sir Alwyn offered, had exerted themselves to the utmost, but as yet there had been no trace, no clew found. There were some things which were against the hypothesis of murder for robbery. Her watch and pocketbook were found on her person—the latter containing quite a sum of money—and so that of accident was held by some, although here, too, was an objection; the disappearance of the bag, which she was known to have had in her hand when she left the depot, seemed to point to human agency. Where had the bag gone? The police, the inhabitants of three counties, asked blankly. Where had it gone? I asked myself day after day, a sickening fear filling me. Some one must have found it and the papers it contained—perhaps seen our meeting. How soon would another enemy arise and work my ruin with this weapon which she had been so long in forging? Her death had been worse than useless. I had gained nothing—only a little reprieve. Still I did not despair, but hoped against hope, and strove as best I could to postpone the day when the end would come. At times I almost wished for it: I was so weary of this torturing suspense, this life of lies, which grew thicker around me as I went on, like thorns to catch and hold me back. I had sown the dragon's teeth and was walking on the points of swords. I had from the first striven to keep both my lovers, one suspicious of the other. I could not, would not, until I was utterly crushed by fate, give up Sir Alwyn and all that I would win by him, and I could not yet see any way of casting the other aside—he was too dangerous.

It was not difficult to blind Sir Alwyn. He had never dreamed of a rival in the "sullen boy," as he called him, and the fact of his being my cousin, almost my brother, explained readily enough the few times he found us together. But with Ralph I was forced to exert all my influence, use all my art, to keep him from seeing my double game. At times the end would seem to be upon me, when I would have to choose for ever between them. I had induced him to keep our engagement a secret from the rector and his wife. He had sullenly yielded permission for me to receive Sir Alwyn "upon grounds of policy and former friendship," and we yet sometimes went on our old rides or walks of that time when I had my world beneath my feet. But that was rarely. I had used the death of his cousin as a pretext for thwarting his attempts to resume our old intimacy. But that would not do long. He was already becoming impatient and suspicious. I saw that it was only a question of time. No man can worship two gods and prosper. No woman can long retain the love of two men, and make each believe she loves him only. The end is sure to come. Yet I fought on against hope. Something might happen to take Ralph from my path. Did I think of that afternoon when I had swept her from it? I scarcely knew. Sometimes I had to choke back the words to keep from crying out to him, when he clasped me in his arms: "I have never loved you. I will not marry you: it was all a lie! It is he whom I wish, whom I will have! Leave me!" But had I done this, the scales would have dropped from his eyes. My falseness revealed to him, the old clearness of vision would have returned. He would have seen that I was her murderer. And he was only mortal! In his rage and despair what might he not say or do? Could I expect any mercy from him then? No; nothing but what I should seek revenge. Another month dragged by wearily. The color had faded from my cheeks, their perfect oval had gone: my eyes had lost their brilliancy.

The struggle to keep these two men, each unsuspecting the other, and the dread of the reappearance of the papers in the bag, was becoming too much for even my will and determination to endure.

One Tuesday night I had gone to my room very early, utterly exhausted and desperate. Was it worth the struggle—the weary, unending strain? What hope was there of escape from Ralph. He was growing stronger every day, the cough which had so alarmed his aunt being almost gone. There was no hope of his death by natural means. I took off my even dress and put on a white wrapper. The moon was shining with unusual brilliancy. I put out the lamp. Undoing my hair, it fell around my shoulders, reaching to my waist, a thick, glossy mane of darkness, then threw myself on the bed and thought. How could I escape from Ralph? Where were the papers in the bag? Fate had given me the opportunity to silence the one and secure the other, then on the edge of the shaft. I had not seized it; and now, would there never come release, security?

Yet, even then, had we stood there again, I should have dragged him back. I was not utterly heartless. He loved me better than I would ever be loved again, fool and stumbling-block though he was. I could not yet sweep him from my path as I had her. I could stand by and see Sir Alwyn shoot him through the heart and joy in it; but even that was impossible. Religion makes such cowards of men, I thought bitterly.

This half-fledged curate would never meet the other in the field. I had begun to look

upon myself with horror, for there were times when it seemed that I could thrust a dagger to his heart, and laugh to see him lie dead before me. I saw that slowly my heart was hardening against all things.

How soon would it be before I should slay him, too?"

My throat was parched, my tongue swollen. There was no water in the room. I stole down to the dining room. I remembered there was some ice-water in the sideboard. I pushed open the door softly and entered, but started back. There was a figure standing before it. The window was open. I had not been heard. I looked at it. A man, but very slight, even boyish in figure.

As he turned his head a little, I saw in the moonlight that his face was smooth. Then an utter recklessness came over me. This would be as good a way as any to end it. I walked quietly around the table until I was between him and the window, then touched his arm. With a smothered exclamation he turned, with the bag into which he had been putting the silver, and stood staring at me shivering with fright. He was not a very courageous burglar. I expected to have been shot by this time.

"Put down that bag!" I said, gently.

The rooms of the others were too far away for them to hear me. He started again, and peered at me curiously, but did as I ordered. My victory was easily won. What should I do with my captive? I was looking at him more closely, when he suddenly slapped his leg with his hand.

"So help me Bob, it's Rachel!"

CHAPTER X.

I STARTED back and gazed at him in utter astonishment. His movement brought him into the moonlight which streamed in through the bow window. I now saw that he was a boy. He coolly took a dark-lantern from the floor, where I had not noticed it, and flashed the light in my face; then, with a subdued howl, dropped it and clasped me in his arms.

"Yes, it's Rachel, as sure as I'm a cracker!"

I thrust him away, but did not scream. There was something familiar in his voice which restrained me. He looked at me reproachfully.

"An' don't yer know yer only brother, as hasn't seen you fur four years?"

Then his features became familiar in the moonlight. It was my brother whom I had left that dreary afternoon at the gate of the graveyard in the suburbs of Manchester. I sank into a chair, still staring at him. He perched himself upon the edge of the table and stared at me. He was slight and thin with a bushy mat of hair that fell over his eyes, which seemed preternaturally sharp and cunning as he looked at me.

"An' 'ow did you come 'ere?" he asked, at last. He did not seem to feel the slightest fear of the consequences of his position, evidently believing that his discovery of me effectually protected him. I saw that I must assume the upper hand of this imp at once.

"How did you come here?" I answered, severely. "Do you know you are in a very dangerous place. I shall deliver you to the police, and you will be sent to prison!" I expected this would reduce him to subjection, but he looked at me with his head on one side.

"Oh, no, yer wouldn't now, Rachel. Yer couldn't be so cruel as ter send yer only brother to jail, now, could ye?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Why not?" I replied, sternly. "When he becomes a burglar he must take the consequences."

"That's all werry true, an' I deserve it, no doubt," he said, with a snicker; "but just you consider the disgrace to the family! You're 'ere as a fine lady, that's plain! And if you was to 'ave me jugged, you'd 'ave to testify against me, an' then I couldn't 'elp lettin' the judge know 'ow cruel you'd bin to jug yer only brother!"

He jerked his head over to the other side, and looked at me like a monkey, his keen eyes boding the consternation his words had created in me. This imp had comprehended my position and his power at a glance. I was no longer his captor, but the captive.

"I'm glad to see you gettin' more considerate of my feelin's," he continued swinging his feet under the table. "Now, let's 'ave a sashy time an' celerbrate this 'ere reunion,' as they say at their speeches down there. 'Ave you got anythink to eat?' 'Cause I'm werry much gone."

I rose slowly and went to the kitchen to the larder. I must propitiate this imp until I had devised some way to get rid of or silence him. I vaguely hoped that he would take the opportunity to escape, but when I returned he was still sitting on the edge of the table, his eyes gleaming in the moonlight from under the fringe of hair which fell over his forehead, his feet, covered with preposterously large and ragged shoes, swinging to and fro under the table.

"Wot 'ave you got there? Lamb—weal—pie—stuffin'—jelly! I'm werry fond of 'em all. You're makin' a 'stonishin' good sister," and, drawing a chair to the table, he attacked the plate, upon which I had heaped whatever I could find. I looked at him with a sinking heart. He must be fourteen years old by this time, and evidently unusually intelligent and cunning for that age. Here was another danger to harass and weigh me down, at a time when I was already staggering under my load. I must get rid of him in some way. How did he come there?

"I thought you were at the orphanage in Manchester," I said.

"Oh, you did, did you?" he returned, derisively. "I must say as how you ain't made a 'extra good sister to us. Never come near us since we was sent there, to see whether we was dead or livin'."

"Where is Alice?" I asked, disregarding his complaints.

"Dead," he answered, laconically, "fever."
 "And the other?"
 "Don't know. She ran away six months ago, an' ain't been heard of since. They said as 'ow there was a girl in Sheffield cut up by one of them big knives in the factories that was she; but no one knew much of it. I guess it was, though. She was always stumblin' with things," and he crammed into his mouth an enormous piece of veal pie, and, swallowing it like an anaconda, smacked his lips and cut another.
 I looked at him aghast, not that I had thought of my sisters for years, but his nonchalance was rather surprising, at least.
 "And how did you get here?" I continued.
 "Oh I ran away from the instituoshun a year ago, an' made some bloomin' friends. We came up here, the Weasel and Twister and me—they calls me the Kid—to crack cribs."
 "To do what?"
 "I told yer to crack— Oh, to do this kind of bizness," and he pointed to the open window and to the sideboard.
 "Are these friends of yours outside?" I asked.
 "Oh, no! You needn't be flunky. They don't know as I'm out. I'm on a private lay. Thought I'd try it on myself," he answered, proudly, thrusting his hair back from his eyes and straightening up in the chair.
 "A truly admirable youth!" I murmured, half aloud.
 "D'y'e think so?" he exclaimed, with a gratified air, catching my words. "Oh, you don't know 'all! But it's getting late, or I'd tell ye," and he scraped the plate for the last time and rose, "and I'd better be goin'." I'm mighty glad I found you, Rachel. It's wery lonesome bein an orphan in this 'ere world without any relatives; and that grub was also wery good. I didn't like the lay of comin' back around 'ere again so soon; but I'm glad we did now."
 A new light came to me.
 "Back so soon?" I repeated. "Then your friends are the men from Manchester whom the police want for the murder?"
 "Just so. Ain't it a shame?" he replied, with an injured air. "As if they would try that sort of game. It's bad enough crackin' cribs, but a stiff—"
 He shuddered.
 I thought of the space at the edge of the shaft, where she had dragged the bush down with her, and shuddered, too. What right had I to despise this youthful thief, who shuddered at what I—
 "But they did it, you know," I said, hurriedly, trying to shut out the picture of the woodland path.
 "They didn't, as I kin prove," he answered, quickly; then stopped, as if fearful of having said too much.
 "As you can prove?" I repeated, scornfully.
 "What do you know about the matter to prove they didn't?"
 My words had the desired effect. They touched his vanity.
 "Oh, I don't, don't I! I don't know who done it, but I know we didn't, 'cause we three was lyin' over by the preserves all the afternoon, watchin' th' game. An' I went down to th' willage toward night to git somethin' to eat for us, and was coming back by that wery same path, when wot should I lay my eyes on but—"
 He stopped, listened a moment and whispered, "Hark! was that a noise upstairs?"
 "It is nothing," I said, at last, trembling with impatience, but not daring to show it.
 "You saw what?"
 "Wot they've bin makin' such a bloomin' row about—that same bag?"
 He looked at me triumphantly. My heart gave a great leap. I leaned back in the chair, dizzy, half fainting. My nerves were not as strong as they had been. He did not observe my agitation, but continued:
 "After I heard wot had happened, I'd a given it up and got the reward, only as it was my friends they was after, I was afraid it would get 'em in some trouble."
 "What did you do with it?" I asked, carelessly.
 "Oh, we div'd on the parcels in it—rot, mostly shoppin' stuff—and burnt the bag."
 He looked towards the window as if to go.
 "Was there nothing else in it?" I asked, with difficulty repressing the tremor in my voice.
 "Nothin'—yes, a bundle of papers wot the Weasel opened and read a little—he can't read much—and said as how it seemed to be a pretty akkerate history of our family, and then gave them to me. I'm savin' them till I kin read. Wonder 'ow they came there in her bag?"
 "Why don't you bring them to me? I can read them. Perhaps they may tell that we are the children of some lord or duke, and may get a great deal of money out of it!" I said, quietly.
 "That's so; you've got a great 'ead, Rachel!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "I sed to myself to-night, after I dropped the idea of your bein an angel or a ghost and twigged who you was, 'She's a great sight 'andsomer than she was, an', consequently, a great sight more able to do me good.' An' now, the wery first thing that turns up, she's bloomin'!"
 "Have you them with you?" I asked, carelessly.
 "No, but I allers carries 'em along. They're in my bundle down there," pointing towards the valley.
 "Suppose you bring them up to-morrow night at twelve. I'll be here with money for you."
 He thought a moment.
 "We ain't got anything spotted on yet; I guess I kin git off. You be here sure, and a pound or two won't come in bad. I s'pose you won't let me take off that plate wot I did up? No, I didn't think you would. Now, I'm goin'. You'd better git to bed; you'll take

cold and spoil yer beauty. My! ain't you pretty in that night-gown! I'll bet the Twister ain't seen no such gals as you!" and with this parting compliment he slid out of the window and disappeared.
 (To be continued.)

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF GUTEAU.

THE arraignment of Charles J. Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, in the Criminal Court at Washington, on October 14th, was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The prisoner, who was manacled, was taken into the building by an unused entrance, and, after a brief delay, was conducted to the court-room, leaning on the arms of the deputy marshals. He was preceded by Marshal Henry and followed by two or three other deputies. They conducted him to a seat beside Mr. Scoville, his counsel, and removed the handcuffs. Guiteau's appearance as he entered the court-room was repellent almost beyond conception. As he caught sight of the crowds within the court-room his apprehensions were apparently aroused, and his large, dull, gray eyes cast a sudden, furtive glance about the room. There was a momentary shrinking, but as he advanced he became composed. He was dressed the same as on the fatal 2d of July—his black clothing being rather faded, while his shirt was of a cheap striped material. He wore neither collar nor cuffs, and there was no sign of any attempt at a toilet. His hair was cropped close; so, too, was his mustache; but his beard was a little longer than when he was first arrested. The removal of his hat revealed deep wrinkles in his forehead, and afforded a better view of his face, which was overcast with pallor and a look of utmost fear. His left eye was defective and turned towards the nose. He said nothing to his counsel, and looked about with a wild, vacant stare. He looked as if he had not a friend in the world.
 The formal arraignment was read. By the time it was finished the court-room had become packed; every foot of space in the vicinity of the bench was occupied, and young lawyers stood on chairs, desks and railings. The reading of the arraignment consumed twenty minutes, Guiteau remaining erect during the time, his head always inclined a little toward the right shoulder. He gazed steadily at the clerk for some time with an air of indifference, scarcely showing a sign of any kind. When the first count began to describe the pistol, and then the circumstances of the shooting, there was a slight wincing on the part of the prisoner. His eyes closed, and it was evident he was suffering intense mental agony. His breast heaved, while frequent sighs showed that his breathing was labored, and he was greatly excited. He put his hand to his forehead and passed it slowly down over his face, and then began to arrange his waistcoat and hitch at his trousers. The ink bottle and writing material and his hat upon the table in front of him he pushed away, and he pinched at the law-books and papers within his reach. Some one whispered to Colonel Corkhill close by him, and he quickly turned, as if frightened, to see what it was. Once or twice he looked around the table at the reporters, so busy writing, and now and then leaned upon the table by resting upon both hands. Most of the time his eyes were closed, and the lids quivered so that the motion could be seen several feet away. This, however, was the only sign of emotion; but the changing color of his face told of the great mental strain he was undergoing. As the clerk said, "What say you to the indictment: are you guilty or not guilty?" he answered nothing, but fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat for a paper, and began to explain that he had a statement which he would like to read. A scene seemed imminent, when District-attorney Corkhill said, in a loud and decided tone, "You must plead now 'guilty or not guilty';" and Judge Cox said, "This is not the appropriate time for a statement. You must plead to the indictment. Are you guilty or not guilty?"
 "Not guilty," said Guiteau, with a sigh. He had pulled a manuscript from his pocket, but returned it and sat down. Leaning backward, he closed his eyes, and the pale, haggard features gave him the appearance of one dead. He seemed to take no further interest in what was going on around him. At the close of the proceedings the marshal and his assistants replaced the handcuffs on the wrists of Guiteau; he was hurried out of the court in the same way he had been brought in, was put into a hack in waiting, and driven back to jail in the immediate custody of the marshal and his assistants.

THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition of the business interests of Pittsburgh, Pa., which opened September 5th and closed October 15th, was visited by 220,596 persons, exclusive of the exhibitors and holders of complimentary tickets. This attendance, although large, fell short of the total of last year, the decrease being occasioned by the general excitement following the death of President Garfield and a local agitation about smallpox.
 The original Exposition Building, 600 feet in length by 150 feet in width, was built by the Trade-men's Industrial Institute in the year 1875. A remarkably successful exhibition was held by this company that year; but the following season, owing to the counteracting influence of the great Centennial, the exhibition proved a disastrous failure. The buildings were sold by the sheriff and bought in by the lien creditors. A new society was formed, and their first exhibition—in 1877—was quite a success. Extensive improvements have been made each year since, including a large Machinery Hall, 150 by 165 feet. The Society have placed their own shafting, engine and boilers in the buildings, have added a half-mile track to their other attractions, and now are in a prosperous condition. The attendance in 1880, during the thirty days of the exhibition, footed up 318,000, being fifty per cent of an increase over the previous year. All revenue under its charter must be expended in improvements and premiums, hence a steady growth in certain each year.
 At this year's exhibition every available part of the main building was taken up by exhibitors, and the gallery extending entirely around the hall was also crowded with valuable and attractive articles. Floral Hall was a department showing excellent taste. Under the management of Mr. Elliott, it was embellished with rustic bridges and cascades, while the plants were so arranged as to present a most exquisite picture, viewed from all points.
 A novel feature of the exhibition this year was the races run in the brightness of electric lights. These were well attended, as well as those run in the afternoon.
 Immediately after the close of the exhibition the directors promptly paid all bills, and Manager Young began making arrangements for the exhibition of 1882.
 European Populations.
 THE Springfield Republican says: "A recent compilation of reports from American consuls contains some interesting returns of the populations of various European countries, according to late censuses. The chief of the countries reported upon is the Empire of Austro-Hungary, whose census was taken December 31st, 1880. The last previous census was in 1869, and in the interval Austria proper has gained from 20,396,000 to 22,130,000. Hungary,

on the other hand, has increased only from 15,416,000 to 15,610,000, which is practically standing still. The explanation of this, suggested by Consul-General Weaver of Vienna, is the recent wars (which have, however, involved Austria more than Hungary), the commercial crisis of 1873, the cholera of 1872-4, emigration to the United States, and the social ostracism of the Germans by the Magyars. Race prejudices are a great incubus upon the progress of Hungary.
 The census of Portugal shows an increase from 1861 to 1881 of 12 per cent, that is from 3,693,000 to 4,160,000. This is a slow but healthy growth, and confirms other signs of the increasing prosperity of the Iberian peninsula. It is not improbable that Spain and Portugal will catch up with Italy in development under peace and liberal administration.
 The following table is made up by Consul-General Weaver:

In this table Saxony, Prussia, Bavaria and Wurtemberg are all given separately, though they are also included in the grand total of the German Empire. It will be noticed that France has the lowest rate of increase of all next to Hungary.

A striking feature of all these censuses is the growth of the cities. Even in Hungary, the capital city, Pesth, has grown 32 per cent. in eleven years, and is now as large as Boston, 359,000. There are several cities in Hungary with from 35,000 to 70,000 inhabitants, whose names are positively unknown to the Western world, and whose whole urban population has increased 15 per cent, so that the population of the Hungarian counties has actually declined. In Bavaria also, a happy kingdom of the German Empire, with a population about as large as that of the State of New York, we find Munich growing 15 per cent. in five years, and now numbering 229,000 inhabitants, Nuremberg with nearly 100,000, and eighteen smaller cities down to 12,000, all increasing at a similar rate, while Bavaria as a whole has increased only 8 per cent. in ten years.
 Nearly all these countries and cities from which sexes are reported show an excess of women. Austria has half a million in excess of the men. Munich has 10,000 females in excess of males, and her 30,000 increase in population in five years, two-thirds appear to be of the former sex."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Kairouan, Tunis, and its great Mosque.

About fifty kilometres from Soussa, and one hundred and thirty south of Tunis, in the midst of a vast sandy plain, bare of tree or shrub, rises a strange city, the object of the profound veneration of all good Mussulmans, inaccessible to Jews, who are compelled to halt two miles from its walls, and almost equally so to Christians. This city is the holy town of Maghreb Kairouan, the sanctuary from whence the Mohammedan faith is spread all over Northern Africa, the sacred centre of the population of the kingdom of Tunis, and the metropolis of religion. To-day it is a town of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a crenelated wall eight metres high, constructed of brick dried white in the sun. Seen from afar the countless minarets give it at once a bizarre and imposing appearance. It contains 149 religious edifices. The streets, "souks," covered ways, are very handsome; the houses, built of white brick, are singularly neat. They are generally of one story, and are invariably adorned with columns taken from some antique ruin. The most remarkable edifice in the city is the great mosque—Djama el Kebira—the date of whose construction goes back to the dark ages. The demolitions and reconstructions, however, to which it has been subjected have never affected the *mihrab*, or sanctuary, of the original mosque, which has ever been respected, and still stands as it was first erected. The extensive walls are covered with a coating of chalk, the result of centuries of bleasings; this chalk now forms a sort of snowy crust on the arabesques. The interior, which no dog of a Christian dare pollute with his presence, is ornamented with three hundred columns of marble, granite and porphyry. The inhabitants speak of it with bated breath, and their accounts of its marvelous richness all correspond.

The Electrical Exhibition.

On October 14th the Jury of the International Electrical Exhibition at Paris awarded gold medals of the highest class to Messrs. Edison and Brush, for dynamo-magnetic machines, and a gold medal to Maxim. Additional gold medals were also awarded to these American exhibitors for arc-incandescence lights. The fruits of Mr. Edison's inventions displayed there are five gold medals, being more than any other exhibitor received. His contributions were so numerous and interesting that the managers of the exhibition generously gave him the sole use of an entire apartment. The photographic saloon was a very favorite resort of the curious, who crowded densely to watch the process of taking portraits by the electric light. The rays of a strong lamp were caught and reflected on the sitter by means of a huge concave parabolic mirror, and were somewhat equalized by various other reflecting screens.

The Geographical Congress.

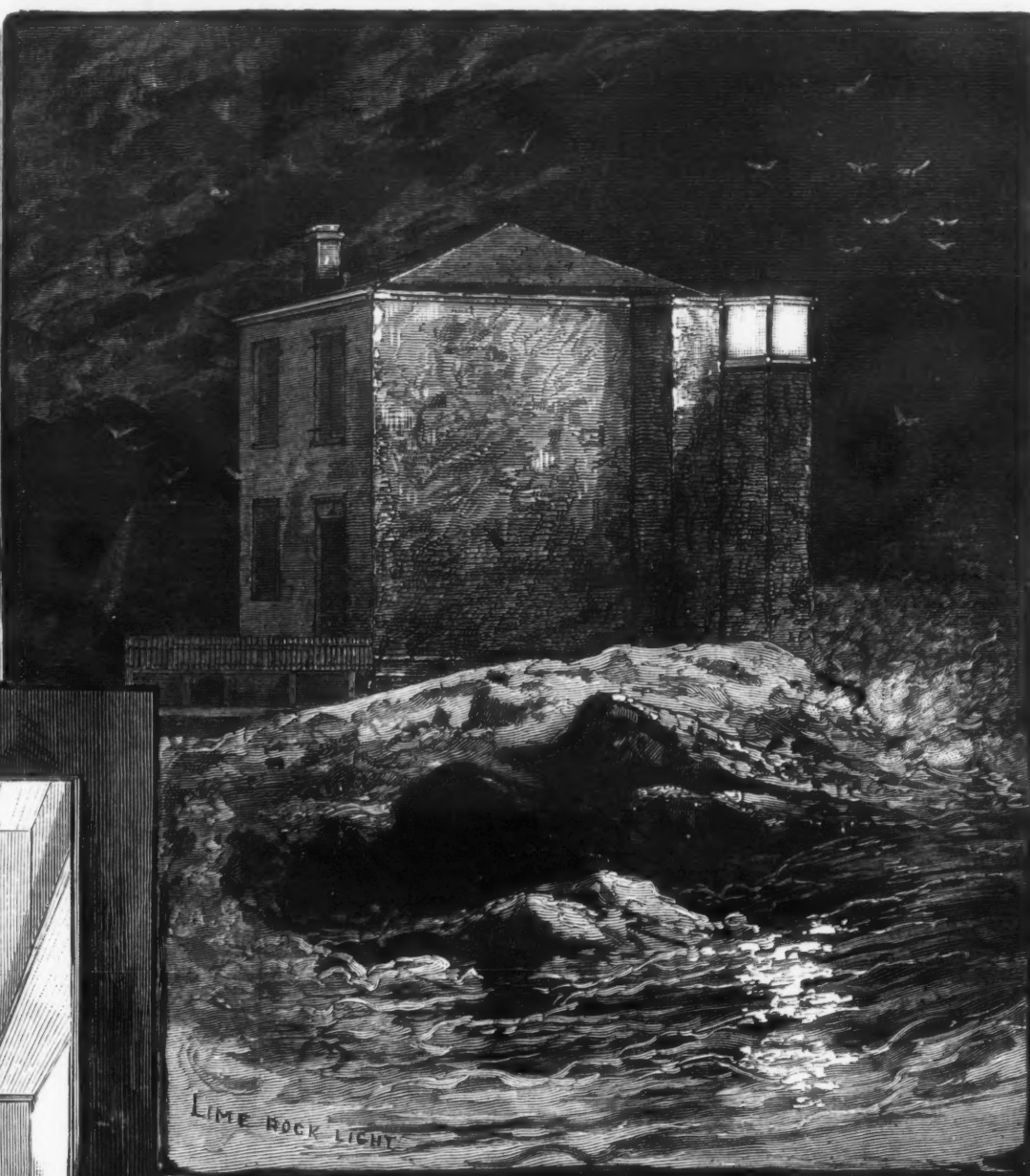
As in the case of the jury of the Electrical Exhibition at Paris, that of the Geographical Congress held at Vienna was very liberal in its awards to citizens of the United States. Medals, diplomas and certificates of honorable mention were voted to officers of the army and navy for official explorations and surveys, and to various departments of the Government for elaborate publications of a geographical character. The Congress was closed by the Duke of Genoa in an impressive manner. All the delegates will bear away the pleasantest recollections of the congress, the hospitalities of the national and civic authorities having been extended on an unusually liberal and thoughtful scale.

The Americana Exhibition at Madrid.

The sketch of the exhibition of articles illustrative of the early history of America, recently held under the management of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid, shows, in the roofed court of the palace, a collection identified with the career and time of Christopher Columbus, whose statue very appropriately stands in the centre of the objects. The attendance of savants and antiquarians was not as large as was desired and expected. This is explained by the large number of international congresses that have been held this Summer in various parts of Europe, in which many Americans and people interested in American affairs participated, as well as by the lateness of the season. The Congress and exhibition, however, has attracted much interest on the other side the ocean, and the official reports will doubtless show large practical conclusions.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—Four Nihilists, among them a woman, have been sentenced in St. Petersburg to exile.
 —The fees of the Health Officer of this port in the last eleven years have aggregated \$475,136.
 —There have been 1,359 cases of smallpox in Chicago since January 1st, of which forty per cent. have proved fatal.
 —Dishonest people in the West have been using gilt paper imitations of small coins to swindle the "bobtail" car companies.
 —The mortality of New York City for the quarter ending September 30th was 10,967, of whom 1,775 died in public institutions.
 —Six inches of snow fell at Quebec last week. In the northern part of the province of New Brunswick it fell to the depth of ten inches.
 —The Mexican Chamber of Deputies has approved of the railroad concessions granted by the Executive to the Huntington and Gould combinations.
 —Eleven canal officials are among the seventy-two patients down with yellow fever in the Panama Foreign Hospital. Five Frenchmen have recently died there.
 —The town of Vineland, N. J., has a Reformed Burial Association, the features of which are plain coffins and dispensing with hearse, being a return to the old bier system.
 —The Boston Common Council has appropriated \$150,000 for the purchase of land, additional to that given by the State, for the erection of a new building for the city's public library.
 —While the Eastern States are suffering from drought, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and other Western States are enjoying copious rains. In some places there have been floods, causing a good deal of damage.
 —A CORRESPONDENT writes to the London Times that there is some likelihood that the British Government will co-operate in an international expedition in search of the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeanette* next year.
 —The Pope, in his address to the Italian pilgrims on the 16th instant, said that he had either to endure captivity or go into exile, and asked all Catholics to pray for him. The pilgrims were stoned by roughs, who shouted, "Down with the Vatican!"
 —The great storm of week before last did great damage on the North German coast. Five vessels were wrecked at Bremen and several at Altona. Eighty-five vessels were wrecked off the British coast during the hurricane, and about two hundred lives were lost.
 —The flag used on the Garfield funeral car and afterwards draped in the tomb at Cleveland is to be given to the Albany Burgess Corps, by direction of Mrs. Garfield. This is in recognition of the tender of escort made by the corps immediately after the death of the President.
 —A census bulletin just issued gives the population of New Mexico as 119,565, of which number 8,051 are of foreign birth, and 10,844 colored, the latter including 56 Chinese and 9,790 Indians and half-breeds. Of the total population 64,496 are males and 55,069 females.
 —From the report of the First Assistant Postmaster General for the last fiscal year it appears that there were on the 30th of June last 44,512 post-offices in the United States. The increase during the year was 1,500. The number established was 2,915, and the number discontinued 1,415.
 —The Post-office Department is informed that there are upwards of a million and three-quarters of dollars in the New York Post-office, the result of accumulations from money orders unpaid since the system was originated. Congress will probably be asked at its next session to cover this money into the Treasury.
 No fewer than five "enterprising showmen" have visited Cleveland in the hope of purchasing the funeral car which conveyed the remains of President Garfield, and have offered very large prices for it—\$50,000, it is said, in one case. The persons in authority have refused even to listen to such offers. The car is to be inclosed in a handsome case constructed in large part by plate-glass, and preserved in the cemetery.
 —Reports from Hong Kong say the disasters to life and property wrought in the interior of China by typhoons have been very great. A village named Shetosh, in the Kow district, was completely swept away by the floods and all the inhabitants drowned. A steam launch was dispatched to the locality, and upwards of 200 bodies were recovered. The typhoon passed over Foochow, doing great damage to the foreign town and the native shipping.
 —The Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Democratic) announces the result of the recent election in Ohio as follows: "Two to one appears to be about the size of it; that is, the majority in the Ohio Legislature. But unfortunately it is on the wrong side. Senate, twenty-two to eleven; House, seventy to thirty-five. These are the disgusting figures we are called upon to face. By a majority of over twenty thousand the people of Ohio also proclaim that Calico shall be King."
 —The last season has been very favorable for lumbering in Maine. The City of Bangor is the headquarters for the business, and this year there have been 200,000,000 feet of logs in its booms and the localities above, and about 140,000,000 feet have been manufactured and shipped to market. It has been a good year for cutting and hauling, wages of men and teams have been reasonable and supplies were cheap. The only drawback has been the scarcity of ships to carry stock to market.
 —The new code, reforming the marriage laws, re-establishing civil marriage and enforcing the inscription of all religious marriages on the civil register to make them valid, has been presented to the Spanish Senate. The code contains, also, new rules for judicial separation and for the legitimization of natural children, fixing the legal capacity of both sexes at twenty-three years instead of twenty-five, increasing the paternal liberty of wills and legacies, improving the condition of married women and preparing the way to re-establish trial by jury by decreeing public and oral trials of criminal cases in the presence of the accused. In fact, it is the most sweeping legal, civil law reform since the revolution of 1868.
 —The latest advices from Peru indicate that Chili is beginning to understand and appreciate the disinclination of the United States to see any attempt made by her to acquire Peruvian territory in violation of her expressed policy. Peruvia's chief adviser having written to the United States Minister at Lima, General Hurlbert, asking for a recognition of the Arequipa Government, General Hurlbert unofficially replied, exposing the unconstitutional character of Peruvia's claims and condemning her decrees of confiscation and massacre as despotic and inhuman. Many barbarous acts are charged against the Peruvia Government. France and England are reported as desirous to support the position taken by the United States in favor of peace without any disruption of the Peruvian republic.



RHODE ISLAND.—LIME ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, NEWPORT, AND ITS FAMOUS KEEPER, MRS. IDA LEWIS WILSON.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 171.



DIFFICULT STEERING.
ULYSSES ARTHUR AND THE SIRENS.

A MAN'S GOOD-BY.

DO you think, dear, as you say,
Such a light Good-by to-day,
That this parting time may be
Mayhap less to you than me?

What a wonder of surprise
Looks out from your sunny eyes!
"Just a nice acquaintance"—so
We have called it, dear, I know.

Now you end it with a word,
While my inmost soul is stirred.
No; you cannot understand,
But, dear, as I touch your hand,

Listening to your light Good-by,
All a man's roused passions cry,
Like a tiger, starved, at bay,
Ah! you draw your hand away!

"I've no right to speak so?" pray
Was it your right, day by day,
By your sweet coquettish arts,
To invade my heart of hearts?

"Till 'tis death to let you go?
You will hate me, dear, I know;
But I swear, ere you go hence,
I will have some recompense

For these fires you lit in vain!
Cheeks and lips shall bear the stain
Of my kisses till you die.
Go now! this is my good-by!

ELLA WHEELER.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTAL'S sudden emotion seemed to act in some strange, disturbing way upon Tempest Mervyn's sleeping mind, for he stirred at that moment and awoke, sitting up suddenly, with a wild, bewildered look around, and stammering as he asked:

"What is it? What has happened?"
"Nothing. You have been sleeping," answered Christal.

And her voice was so sweet and soft, her tone so calm and restful, that it soothed him instantly back to composure.

"I have been dreaming," he said, with a sigh and a wistful look at Christal.

She was pouring out a cordial, which stood on a little table near his chair; and at that moment the hand which held the phial shook out the drops more rapidly as the pulse leaped up with a sharp, swift pang. He had been dreaming of Estelle, and the sigh was for her. Yet the smile with which Christal met that wistful glance was none the less sweet for the fierce throb of jealousy beneath it.

"I will win him from her! Why not? Her frivolous French heart does not know how to love, whilst I—I will win him!" she said to herself.

Lady Armstrong's voice was heard in the garden, and presently her hand parted the drooping branches.

"How cool and pleasant it is here," she said, as she sank into a chair; "and how fortunate it is that the weather is so fine and warm! You ought to live out of doors. Mr. Mervyn, I read somewhere in an account of the Franco-Russian war that the wounded men who were under canvas got on much faster than those in hospital. The air has such curative power! I declare you are looking much better already! Christal will soon have you off the sick list."

"I hope so," he answered. "I have burdened her and your kindness long enough, Lady Armstrong."

"Please don't say anything of the kind," said her ladyship; "we are so glad. And as for Christal, you are a patient, you know, and that is what a nurse delights in."

"Yes," put in Christal, as she quietly arranged her table with its little invalid luxuries, its fruit and flowers, its books, papers, et cetera; "my occupation will be gone when you are well."

"You are very good," he said, following her light, graceful movements with his eyes.

Lady Armstrong was rustling some letters in her hand; her silk dress also rustled, and the chair she sat on creaked: good and kind as she was, she was one of those women who are demonstrative in all their movements, large and generally expansive. The little irritating sounds jarred involuntarily upon Mervyn's nerves. He contrasted the soothing repose of Christal's manner, her noiseless movements, with the rasping discord of poor Lady Armstrong's.

"I have just had a letter from Sir James," said her ladyship. "He is coming down to-night, and will stay a week. It is very hot in town—quite insufferable, he says. I am glad we are in the country; London heat is so trying. I declare I have forgotten to order the carriage to fetch Sir James from the station! I must go in and do it at once."

She rustled away again, and Mervyn breathed a sigh of relief. Christal dropped quietly down amongst her cushions and plied her busy, silent needle again. And Mervyn watched her, lulled by the monotonous action, and wondered where the difference between the two women lay. At the same moment Lady Armstrong was saying to Janet:

"It is fortunate that Christal is not susceptible, and that poor young Mervyn's circumstances absorb him so completely, poor fellow. Otherwise the thing would be dangerous; for Christal is an ideal nurse, and the whole thing is so romantic."

"Christal is so matter-of-fact in her work," Janet answered; "and, as you say, mamma, she is not susceptible."

Both Lady Armstrong and Janet were easy, good-natured people, who would have been quite content under any phase of the circumstances. Lady Armstrong's duty as a chaperon seemed by the view she chose to take of the

matter, to be quite unnecessary. Christal's profession—as she liked to call it—put her outside of certain conventionalities.

Another person who came presently on the scene was equally blind. Sir James Armstrong had his own hopes and views with respect to Christal, and he had unlimited faith in her sense, and believed her to be absorbed in what he considered a very practical and sensible hobby of the moment.

He was mainly interested just now in trying to rouse Mervyn and bring him back to a hopeful and active view of life as he regained strength and health.

"You have three months' extension of leave," he announced, cheerfully, to the young man. "What do you say to a yachting tour? Gordie talks of a trip to Norway and Sweden. It would be just the thing for you. It would about fill up your leave, and you would go back all right."

"I shall not go back," said Mervyn. "I am sending in my resignation to the Horse Guards."

"Your resignation?" echoed Sir James, startled. "You mustn't do that, my dear fellow! Why, bless my soul, it's the most ill-advised, impolitic thing you can do! How will the world interpret your action when it is announced in the *Gazette*? Think better of it—think better of it!"

"It is too late," Tempest Mervyn replied, wearily; "my letter was posted to-day."

"I am sorry to hear it—very sorry, indeed," the baronet declared, with emphasis. "Why, Christal, had you no better counsel to give your patient? Did you encourage this suicidal proceeding?"

"No," answered Christal, looking up from the church-embroidery which befitted her nun-like aspect, "I did not know of it. How should I, uncle? I, too, am sorry," she added, with a glance over at Tempest.

They were sitting out on the grassy slope leading down to the flower garden. Christal with her work, Tempest leaning listlessly back on the smooth shaven grass, doing nothing, caring for nothing, in the half-despairing, utterly forlorn mood which had fallen on him ever since he woke up to the reality of his position.

Sir James was pacing excitedly up and down on the wide terrace-path above their heads, looking down upon the listless young man.

"Don't cut your own throat in that foolish manner," he entreated. "Let me telegraph at once that it was a mistake. It may be undone yet."

"I do not wish it undone," Tempest said, quietly.

"My dear boy," Sir James urged, "take my advice. You are scarcely in a state of health or of spirits just now to see things for yourself. I have a genuine interest in you—believe me—both for my boy's sake and for your own."

"You have proved it, Sir James," Tempest roused himself to say, gratefully.

"My dear fellow, I feel for you as if I were your father," Sir James checked himself as he was on the point of uttering the dangerous word "father"—"as if I were in your place," he substituted. "Your position just now wants nothing but a little decision and—pluck, if I may say so; but it wants both. I should not be your friend, my dear fellow, if I did not try to impress upon you that a good deal depends upon your first moves. It is the old story of the first step which tells, you know."

Tempest was silent.

"Go back to your regiment and take your stand as if nothing had happened," Sir James went on.

"Something has happened," Tempest answered, slowly. His hat was pulled down over his face, and Sir James could not see its expression. "Something has happened," the young fellow repeated—"something which makes me care little enough what happens next."

"That's just what you mustn't do. Bless my soul!" exclaimed the baronet, "if you were not knocked down by your illness, you would snap your fingers at the whole thing; it would never have troubled you for a single instant, as it has never troubled one of your friends. Tut, tut, man! You are weak, you are morbid—just in the state to exaggerate things and to distort them, too. A healthy mind in a healthy body—that's all you want. In the meantime you must let your friends—whose minds for the moment are healthy—see straight for you."

Tempest Mervyn answered nothing in words. He pushed back his hat, showing a white face, pale, compressed lips, and eyes which Sir James did not like the look of—they were as like the eyes of a hunted animal at bay. As he raised himself to a sitting posture, he drew from under his arm a crumpled newspaper, smoothed it out, and held it towards his warm-hearted partisan.

"Hey! what's this?" cried Sir James, touching the paper gingerly, as if it were a lighted match. "Oh—ah, the *Agitator*! Hum"—reading—"I see—a ranting, radical tirade, not worth reading! These penny-a-liners are only looking out for a sensation to fill their columns. No dirt is too dirty to throw at one of us—it pleases the million. Do you suppose that a single sensible man, or woman either, reads or cares twopence for such twaddle as that?"

Tempest replied by drawing forth another paper of a higher class and pointing out an article even more strongly bent on proving him to have been guilty of the terrible crime which had just occupied the public attention. Sir James changed color.

"There will always be a dozen opinions in matters not proved beyond the possibility of a doubt," said he. "All the more need for you to exert yourself and scotch the snake at once. Come, Lord Carby is an old friend of mine; let me go up by the next train and see him. He has unlimited influence at the Horse

Guards. Your resignation shall be suppressed before it reaches the higher authorities. Come, say the word."

"I cannot say it," Tempest replied, sinking back to his old position. "I have done with the army, with life—with everything. What is the use?"

There was a concentrated despair in his voice which silenced Sir James. He turned on his heel and walked away.

"Poor fellow!" was all he said. "I've half a mind to run up and see Lord Carby all the same, and talk it out with Mervyn at a better opportunity."

Christal stitched on without lifting her head; Tempest lay back, drawing his breath in hard gasps. The two were alone. Up from "the ladies' garden" below came wafts of perfume, the sweet breath of Summer flowers borne upon the soft breeze. Save the labored breathing of the young man and the musical rustle and murmur of Summer life in the lambent air, there was no sound.

Presently Christal laid down her work and sat looking over at her patient with eyes full of an infinite pity, a tender sympathy, a something which always made Christal Melville's eyes go straight to the heart she meant to touch. Tempest looked up and yielded on the instant—as better men had yielded before him—to that irresistible influence. He burst out with a vehemency which would have startled a less composed person than the young lady-nurse.

"Good heavens," he cried, "what have I done that fate should be so down upon me? Why was I born? Why can't I die? Sir James—you all make the best of it; you try to cover it up and smooth it over. You mean it kindly, I know," he added, in a softer tone; "but these," pointing to the newspapers, "these are no partial friends. They do not mince matters or choose terms. They help me to look it in the face; and I do."

Christal's velvet eyes deepened and glowed; her soft hand just touched the quivering fingers.

"Yes," she said, "it is hard and cruel; but it is not so bad as you are feeling it just now. It is a dark cloud; but after a little you will see the sun through it, as we all see it now for you. You are not strong yet, however, and you are not able to rise above the gloom."

"Can I ever rise above it?"

"Yes, you can," Christal answered firmly, "and you will. Have patience and—courage. Your friends believe in you; half the world besides—more than half—believes in you. Believe in yourself. Some day the proof will come. I am a firm believer in the doctrine that all such dark deeds come to light in the end. In the meantime show a bold front; live it down."

"What," said he, hoarsely, "Miss Melville, what if my friends are wrong, what if my partisans are deceived—if I am the guilty wretch these," pointing to the newspapers "say of me?"

He had withdrawn his hand from her touch; his eyes searched hers, looking for the horror, the aversion his words might produce. But there was no change in the tender sympathetic glance, no tinge of startled color in the snow-white cheek. He had failed to make her understand, he thought.

"You believe in me," he said, desperately, "all of you, because you think me a monomaniac, a poor, half-crazy fellow, dazed by that knock on my head; but what if the proof you are so confident of should show that I—I and no other—did this horrible thing?"

"You did not do it," she answered, steadily.

"But what if I did?" he persisted.

"Then," she said, "it was not with the consent of your own will. It was an accident—a misadventure; it was not you all the same."

Her eyes, unchanged in their steadfast softness, looked still into his.

"I declare to you, Miss Melville," he said, solemnly, "that I believe I did it. I have thought of it day and night. I have tried to prove myself innocent. I cannot. I feel the brand of Cain burning—burning into my heart and brain. I know that if I had sat on that jury I could not have acquitted myself. Do you wonder that I cannot go back to my regiment—that I cannot take up my old life again? And I cannot die!" he added, despairingly.

"Why did you not let me die? Why did you let me wake up again to this hell upon earth? Yours was a cruel kindness, Miss Melville. Don't you see it now?"

A fiery spot burnt on each of his white cheeks; his wasted hands trembled amongst the papers before him. Christal's soft voice dropped like healing balm upon the wild tempest of his despair.

"Let us say the worst of you that you can say of yourself," she said, "that in a moment of madness, when you were not yourself—in some struggle perhaps, when you were scarcely responsible—this dreadful thing happened—a thing against all your nature, which your horror and suffering now prove to have been unintentional, unpremeditated—well, then—"

"Then?" he echoed, breathlessly, hanging upon her words as if they were his final sentence.

"Then," she said, dropping her voice and her eyes together, "there are those who love you and acquit you."

His heart beat strangely, his excitement calmed all at once, his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper.

"There are those who loved me—there is one whom I once believed loved me," he said, "who has not acquitted me."

It was Christal's heart which beat now as that calm organ had never beat before. Was he on the verge of a confession, of the explanation of that murmured "Estelle" which had been so often on the lips of her unconscious patient, jarring as it did so harshly on her ears?

"Tell me," Tempest went on, impelled by that craving for sympathy and counsel which

comes to the most reticent when overwrought and broken down—"tell me what you would have done if the man who—well, who loved you, and whose love you had accepted, stood where I stand now?"

"I?" she asked. "I should have gone to him on the instant, if it had been possible, to stand by his side and bear the worst that could come through my doing so."

Her eyes glowed with a deep, intense light, her voice trembled: there was a fire, a reality in her emotion which sent a thrill through the young fellow.

"You would not have shrunk away from him; you would not have hesitated to link your name with his, dishonored and disgraced? Oh, think again Miss Melville! Would your love have stood this test?"

"Yes," she said, briefly and emphatically; "it would have rejoiced at such a test."

"And—are all women like you? Forgive me; but I know very little about them. I never had a sister; my mother died when I was still a boy. I am curious about—about other women," he said, shading his face with his hand as he spoke.

"I think," she answered, "that all true women would feel as I feel, think as I think. If a brother is born for adversity, how much more would that other love be stronger and braver when it was most needed?"

She spoke out of new light which had come to her, still with that roused fire which moved and impressed him infinitely. He took his hand from his eyes and looked at the kindling light in hers, at the brave expression of the curved lips and the trembling of the white hands, all signs of an agitation very unusual in the calm, self-possessed young lady nurse; and perhaps it was this glimpse of depths below the surface, unguessed at and unfathomed hitherto, which interested Tempest Mervyn so deeply that for the moment he forgot the subject which had stirred them and thought only of the woman before him.

"I believe you are true and brave and—kind," he added. And then he felt how poor and inadequate his words were. "I believe you are all these and a great deal more," he added, as he lifted the little snow-white hand reverently to his lips and felt a throbbing pulse thrill through him like an electric shock.

At the same moment Feena Armstrong was coming up from the garden below and passing within close range of the absorbed pair.

"Only another experiment of Christal's system of philanthropy, of course," she remarked to herself as she took note of the action. "Some of us would call that sort of thing flirting, and some would say it was love-making. Christal calls it 'human interest,' or friendship, or some other platonic and innocent name. I wonder what the victim himself will call it by—and by? At all events it is doing him good. He seems wonderfully better and brisken up since the morning. And Christal—as she caught a nearer glimpse of that young lady—"what has happened to her? Can she be in earnest at last?" Feena stood still in her astonishment, all unnoticed by the usually quick eyes of her cousin, and saw Christal drop her long black lashes before Mervyn's steadfast look, and read something in her face which Feena had never seen before in Christal Melville. "If it were only so!" Feena ejaculated, fervently, turning and walking away quickly. "If she were only to care for him really, what a good thing it would be!"

Feena had her own reasons for wishing Christal safely entangled in some real attachment which might modify her views on general "human interest," and reduce them to a narrower range. Feena had already suffered from the application of Christal's philanthropic principles. Tempest Mervyn's whole heart meanwhile had opened to the magic of Christal's skillful touch.

"You are a true friend," he said, to Christal. "You would always be a true and real friend," he added, quite enthusiastically, with more warmth than had seemed to be left in him an hour or two before.

"Will you let me be yours? Will you let me help you as a friend can?" she asked, gently.

"Thank you," he responded, fervently. "It is too good for a poor, unlucky wretch like me to own the friendship of such a woman as you. I can scarcely believe it; everything seems to have gone so wrong with me lately."

"When things are at the worst, they usually begin to mend," she remarked.

"It is too late for the turn to do me any good," he answered, with a little return to his moody vein. "Miss Melville, I am like a man who has been shipwrecked and lost everything—everything," he repeated.

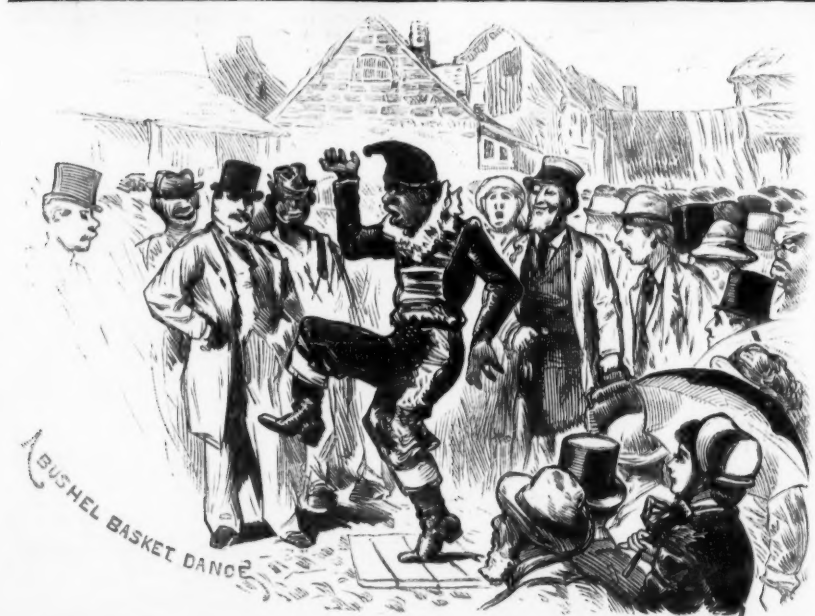
"Perhaps you have not lost all," she said, softly, with an emphasis which made him start, "or perhaps it may all come back again."

"There are some things," he answered, in the same strain, "which, being once damaged or lost, can never be restored—a broken vase, for instance, the bloom of a flower, or—our faith in others," he ended, bitterly.

He was wondering if this brave Christal Melville his friend who had not shrunk from the worst he had told her of himself, would have left him all these weary weeks without word or sign in his deepest time of trial as that fair young love of his whose confident parting words under the budding trees at St. Cloud were ringing in his ears now had done. How steadfastly she had spoken! How true and earnest she had looked! Every line of that clear fair face was written on his heart. And yet she had forsaken him after all!

This desertion was the bitterest sting in all the intolerable pain and humiliation he endured. His great care had been to keep her name apart from the blight which had fallen on his; his first coherent thought had been to shield and guard her. Never whilst a doubt of his innocence rested on his own mind or whilst

OBITUARY.—*October 15th*—General G. D. Hull, First Surgeon general of Dakota, at Yankton. *October 16th*—Hon. Louis A. Wiltz, Governor of Louisiana, at New Orleans, aged 38; James Waterhouse, a leading manufacturer of Passaic, N. J., aged 52; Dr. Benjamin H. Coates, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, aged 84. *October 17th*—Charles B. Burrell, general manager of the Messrs. Chickering, and for many years identified with the musical interests of New York City, aged 56; Firmin Bovy, the artist, of San Francisco; Mr. Roncetti, Papal Nuncio to Bavaria. *October 18th*—Raffaele Monli, the celebrated Italian sculptor, aged 63. *October 19th*—Charles Benthuyzen, of Albany, well-known in business circles throughout New York State, and a member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, suddenly in New York City, aged 64; Right Rev. Henry Foster, D.D., Prince Bishop of Breslau, aged 81, Dr. J. Gaspard Bibaud, Professor of Anatomy in the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery, and an eminent practitioner. *October 22d*—Hon. Charles F. Sanford, Judge of the Superior Court of New York, aged 54.



CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF LORD CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN, VA.—CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS OF THE EVENT.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST—SEE PAGE 171.



MRS. SARAH B. COOPER, RECENTLY ON TRIAL FOR HERESY IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A PHOTO. BY MORSE.

THE HERESY TRIAL OF MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

HERESY trials appear just now to be all the rage. Of course it is usually the clergyman who is charged with a lapse from orthodoxy; and it is quite usual for the majority of his congregation to pin

that Mr. Hemphill and the members of the Session had been most kind and loyal to me, and uniformly courteous and considerate in every regard; that Mr. Hemphill has shown himself a heroic and noble man and friend, under stress of great peril and pain, and that I would sooner die in the conflict than desert such a friend in the time of struggle. Besides, I proposed to find out if the Presbyterian Church was large enough to let a woman expand her religious lungs without imperiling her ecclesiastical life. I think I have tested this matter pretty fairly. About fifty-three grave and reverend seignors have been patiently sitting for eight days to find out if a woman, weighing only one hundred and three pounds avoirdupois, may be permitted to work for her Master inside the church where she was born. This is the whole matter in a nutshell.

As an explanation to a number of statements

telegraphed East during the progress of the trial, we submit an interview with the lady, which leaves no doubt of her courage or energy:

"What have you to say in reference to the preference you expressed to live in hell with such men as Colonel Ingersoll rather than in heaven with such men as James B. Roberts?"

"I did tell him this. There is no doubt of it. He sat where you are now sitting, and after reproaching me for my great fondness for rank infidels, he cast a scornful look of contempt upon that portrait yonder," pointing to a life-size portrait of Colonel Ingersoll. "I was very sorry at this, and said: 'That man is as superior to you as Hyperion to a satyr, and if hell is made up of such men as he, and heaven is made up of such men as you, which I do not believe, I will go to hell every time.' And then I added: 'That man will yet be reaching over the parapets of heaven to pull you in. He is grand and good enough to do it, and it would take a very good man to do that.' I meant just what I said."

"During the progress of the trial I noticed that the complainant felt very sore that you had characterized him as an 'ecclesiastical hound,' or something of that sort?"

"Yes, he did refer to it many times. The fact is, in seeking to defend myself from his wicked accusations, I made this severe remark. I am willing to admit it. I said, 'Mr. Roberts, my past record as a Christian woman I am not ashamed to have inspected; and celestial hound on the hunt for heresy that you are, you can put your nose to the ground and trace my trail clear back to my childhood, and you will find only the frailties and infirmities that attach to a steadfast but faulty Christian career.' That is just exactly what I said to him."

"It does not appear that the question of your heresy came into the final verdict at all. The Presbytery simply left that where it was before the trial—with the Session of Calvary Church. Is that correct?"

"That is exactly correct, and all this talk about Mrs. Cooper's unorthodoxy having been established and her heresy proved, is altogether wrong. That matter was not acted upon by the Presbytery at all. Mr. Roberts swore that the Session had refused to examine evidence that he presented of my un-



RIGHT REV. W. M. WIGGER, D.D., R. C. BISHOP OF NEWARK. FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 174.

orthodoxy. On this representation the Judicial Committee allowed him a hearing. But for that assertion the committee would have dismissed the complaint at first. The Session say they never did refuse to hear Mr. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts on being interviewed after the trial expressed no hope that the Session of Calvary Church would be prevailed on by anything he



CAMP-KETTLE AND CHAFIN-DISH USED BY GENERAL ROCHAMBEAU.

their faith so firmly on him that, when suspended by Council, Conference or Presbytery, they start in immediately to establish a new church and cling to him closer than ever. But it is a decided novelty, particularly in the Presbyterian Church, for a woman to be placed on the ecclesiastical rack, charged by a male member of the congregation with rank heresy. This, however, is what has recently occurred in San Francisco.

The complainant was one James B. Roberts, and the lady Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, a teacher in the Sabbath-school of Calvary Presbyterian Church. The charges, which were based on some of her teachings alleged to be injurious because unscriptural, were first investigated by the Session of the Church, then



THE MEETING OF THE EMPEROR AND CZAR ON THE IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN."

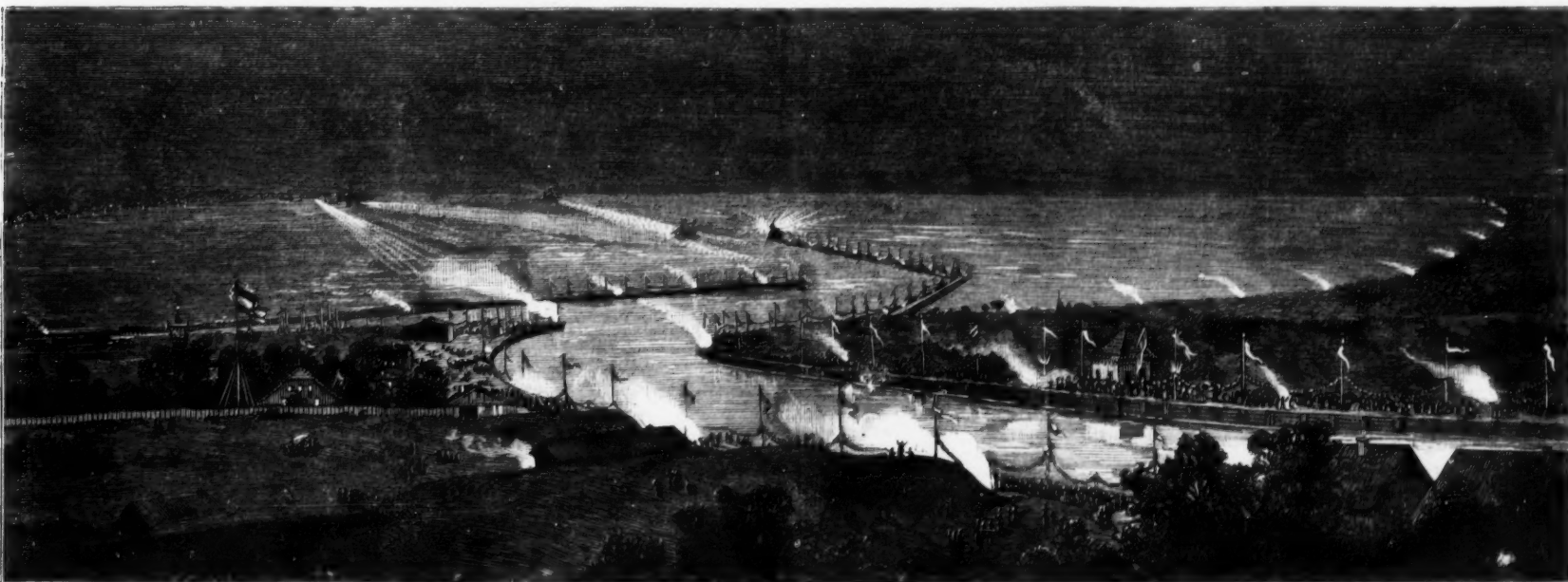


THE MASTER'S CHAIR, WILLIAMSBURG LODGE NO. 6, F.A.M., USED BY WASHINGTON.

might offer to remove Mrs. Cooper, and, as the Presbytery had sent the matter back to them, it would be of no use to carry on the controversy. He had done his duty faithfully, he thought, and was not responsible now for the damage that must result from such teaching as that of Mrs. Cooper.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the historic chair which was occupied by the Grand Master of Virginia on the occasion of the laying, with Masonic ceremonies, of the corner-stone of the York-



THE MEETING OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AT DANTZIG.—THE ILLUMINATION OF THE HARBOR ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL YACHT. SEE PAGE 171.

town Monument, last week. This chair was the one which Lord Botetourt, when royal Governor of the Old Dominion, presented to the Grand Lodge of Virginia, and in which George Washington sat while Grand Master of Virginia Masons. The sash and apron worn by the Grand Master were worked by Mrs. Lafayette, and presented to Washington in 1784 at Mount Vernon. The gavel was made from a portion of the quarter-deck of the United States frigate *Lawrence*, flagship of Commodore Perry, at the battle and victory of Lake Erie, September 10th, 1813. This gavel was used by M. W. Brother Smith as Grand Master of Masons, of New Jersey, in laying the corner-stone of the monument on the battlefield of Monmouth on June 30th, 1878. It was also used by M. W. Jesse B. Anthony, Grand Master of Masons of New York, to lay the corner-stone of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York City, October 9th, 1880.

Another relic, of which we give an illustration, is the chocolate camp-kettle and chafin-dish of the French general, Rochambeau, which was left by him at White Plains, New York, when he broke camp in 1781, prior to his march to Yorktown. This relic is now in the possession of Mr. Joseph E. Hallett, of Waverly, New York, with whose grandparents it was left one hundred years ago.

RIGHT REV. W. M. WIGGER, D.D., BISHOP OF NEWARK.

RIGHT REV. WINAND M. WIGGER, D.D., who was consecrated as Bishop of Newark, N. J., on October 18th, is in the fortieth year of his age, having been born in the City of New York, December 12th, 1841. His parents, who are now dead, were natives of Westphalia. His preparatory studies for the priesthood were made with the Jesuit Fathers in Sixteenth Street, in New York City, after which he entered Seton Hall Seminary, at South Orange, N. J., and on December 10th, 1861, at the hands of Bishop Bayley, of Newark, he received tonsure and minor Orders. On October 13th, 1862, the new bishop entered the college of Brignoli Sal, Genoa, where he completed his theological studies. In 1865 he was ordained a priest. The young priest, full of ardor and zeal, set out immediately for this country. During the voyage cholera, in its worst form, broke out among the passengers, and Father Wigger began his missionary labors by ministering to the plague-stricken people. On the arrival of the steamer at Quarantine, he obtained permission from Bishop Bayley to remain on the vessel for two weeks, or until the patients had all died or been restored to health. His first appointment in his adopted diocese was as an assistant priest at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark; but on the death of Rev. James D'Arcy, rector of St. Vincent's Church, Madison, N. J., Dr. Wigger was appointed his successor. For a number of years he worked zealously and faithfully for the flock entrusted to his care, and when, at the instance of Bishop Corrigan, he was sent to St. John's Church, Orange, his parishioners of Madison manifested the greatest regret at his removal. The church at Orange was then heavily laden with debt. With the permission of his bishop, he started out on a visitation to the several parishes in the diocese to collect funds towards reducing the financial burdens of that church. After six months, at his own request, he was transferred from Orange to Summit, his health being such that the change was necessary, and soon afterwards he again became identified with St. Vincent's, Madison. He was appointed Bishop of Newark as the successor of Archbishop Corrigan, now coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey.

The ceremonies of consecration took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Newark, in the presence of a large and distinguished audience. A number of prelates were present and participated in the ceremony. The sermon was preached by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, who paid an eloquent tribute to the new bishop, and pointed out the cares and responsibilities attached to the high office. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Bishop Wigger imparted his benediction, first to the bishops, then to the priests, and lastly to the laity.

THE STUDY OF GERMAN.

STUDIEN UND PLAUDERIEEN IN VATERLAND. Second Series by SIGMUND M. STEIN and MENGO STEIN. New York: HENRY HOLT & CO., 1881.

This book is an "open sesame" to the German tongue, unlocking the grim portals with a well-oiled key, and placing the wealth of that language within the grasp of the veriest dilldander. The system is so admirably, yet so simple, that the student will feel intense astonishment upon discovering that he knows nearly as much German as English, and that to master the language calls for so small an effort as to render its study an absolute pleasure. Not a word of English is used in the book, simple German words, whose meaning cannot be mistaken because of the strong resemblance to English, being utilized at first, and then in turn duty in explaining and propping up the more difficult ones which gradually array themselves further on. The plan is entirely novel in the text book of languages. The teacher and his pupil become a pleasant, chatty group, and they gossip upon all passing subjects in the best German, and in the lightest and most amusing possible way. The volume is a veritable depository of colloquial chat, and it is so thoroughly German in its tone that the student gets half-way through it, he is saturated with German ideas. There is a story, too, in this book, running from cover to cover, so that it is a novel in addition to being a text-book, while the interest is stimulated by the golden thread of the romanticist. Lucid instructions are given as to pronunciation, and quaint little ballads here and there dapple its pages. Space precludes our enumerating the novelties of "Studien und Plaudereien," but one word will do duty for a thousand, which is to say that the volume is simply "perfect."

"THE VALLEY LILY" is the pretty title of Stephen Massett's latest song, just published by William A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, and for sale at all the music-stores. It is dedicated to Miss Jessie Keene, and the words, which are really charming, are the composition of Mr. Samuel Ward. The song is most attractive in appearance, and is destined to be one of the most celebrated of this popular composer's "doings."

MRS. MIXER being called into court as a witness, got vexed at the lawyer, and declared: "If you don't stop asking questions I'll leave;" and then added: "You're the most inquisitive man I ever saw in all the days of my life."

A "STRINGY," "rattling" voice, and a constant disposition to expectorate, indicate incipient throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Use DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP in good time and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale by all druggists.

UNCLE MOSE rents out several shanties on Austin Avenue to colored tenants, some of whom exhibit a hesitancy about paying their rent. A few mornings since an ebony-hued boy of about nine years, the son of one of Mose's tenants, brought him four dollars. "Your fodder owes eight dollars, boy. What for you only fetch me four dollars? What's de udder half ob de rent?" Dat's de berry reason he done send me wif de money. "What's de reason?" "Bekase," "Bekase what, you little fool nigger?" "Bekase childrins nebbber pays more den half price," sobbed the boy.

FUN.

"KNOW thyself" is good advice. And to find out all about yourself in the shortest time, get nominated for an office.

THE correct uniform for this season is a palm-leaf fan under the left arm and a hot soapstone in your overcoat pocket.

AUSTIN, Tex., has a female deputy sheriff, and when she tells a man she has an attachment for him he don't know whether to blush and try to look sweet or to light out for the woods.

STUDENT UNDER EXAMINATION IN PHYSICS—"What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I am not quite certain."

THINGS are getting down pretty fine, Fogg thinks. He went into an eating-house the other day. Calling to a waiter he said: "Will you take my order?" "I will take your request, sir," responded the gentlemanly attendant.

PEA BLOSSOM, a young, saddle-colored youth, was up before the Austin recorder for stealing a pair of shoes from Moses Schindler's store. "Don't you know it was not right to take those shoes?" "Yea, sah, I know I didn't take de right shoes. My mudder told me dey was not de right ones as soon as I bring 'em home. De high-priced ladies' shoes on de shelf was de right ones, but I couldn't reach 'em, sah."

AN Ohio Justice has decided that "courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted; therefore, if a young man wanted to kiss a girl, he might put her father out of the room first if he liked." In Chicago the fathers have decided that the mother of the girl shall come into the parlor at 9:30 o'clock sharp and make some blood-curdling remarks on the necessity of young people getting plenty of sleep.

A NEWSPAPER man planned a story in which a lady, unhappily married, was to sue for a divorce, and to make sure of being correct, wrote to a lawyer friend, stating the case as he meant to describe it. Back came a postal-card: "You could not get a divorce on the grounds you mention in New York; you might in Connecticut or Maine." This card, handed in by the carrier to Mrs. Newspaperman one forenoon, when her husband was away at business, raised a breeze in the household which was not allayed for some days.

A CASE "GIVEN OVER TO DIE."

THE following report of a case in which, to all appearances, the patient was beyond the reach of curative agencies, is one among the many surprising results which are continually attending the use of COMPOUND OXYGEN: "The last Home Treatment that I ordered from you," writes a physician in Vermont, "was for Mrs. —. She was given over to die by her old physician (who has treated her for twenty-two years) and friends. I was called to see her when she could not speak a word nor lift her head from the pillow; could take no food except a little beef tea. I sent you for a Home Treatment of Oxygen and your advice. She has been steadily improving; she is around the house doing her household affairs. Her neighbors say that if she gets well there is no use of any one's dying." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DIS STARKLEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A YOUNG lady in New York strolling through a crockery store came across some porcelain eggs, and immediately exclaimed: "Ah, that is where the Cochiti-China fowls come from."

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I HAVE found HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE particularly serviceable in treatment of women and children in debility and loss of appetite. New Orleans, La. W. H. HOLCOMBE, M.D.

BABY'S APPEAL.

"WHAT makes I cry, and folks say Ize naughty?" Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouf; Cause, too, can't sleep, and worms bites zo belly; "Fever," za say; feel like I was jelly. Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria. When mamma's gone, and don't have CASTORIA. "You're right—they fairly yell." There, Uncle y; Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

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